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VOLUME 14 NUMBER 2



THE CLOTHES ISSUE



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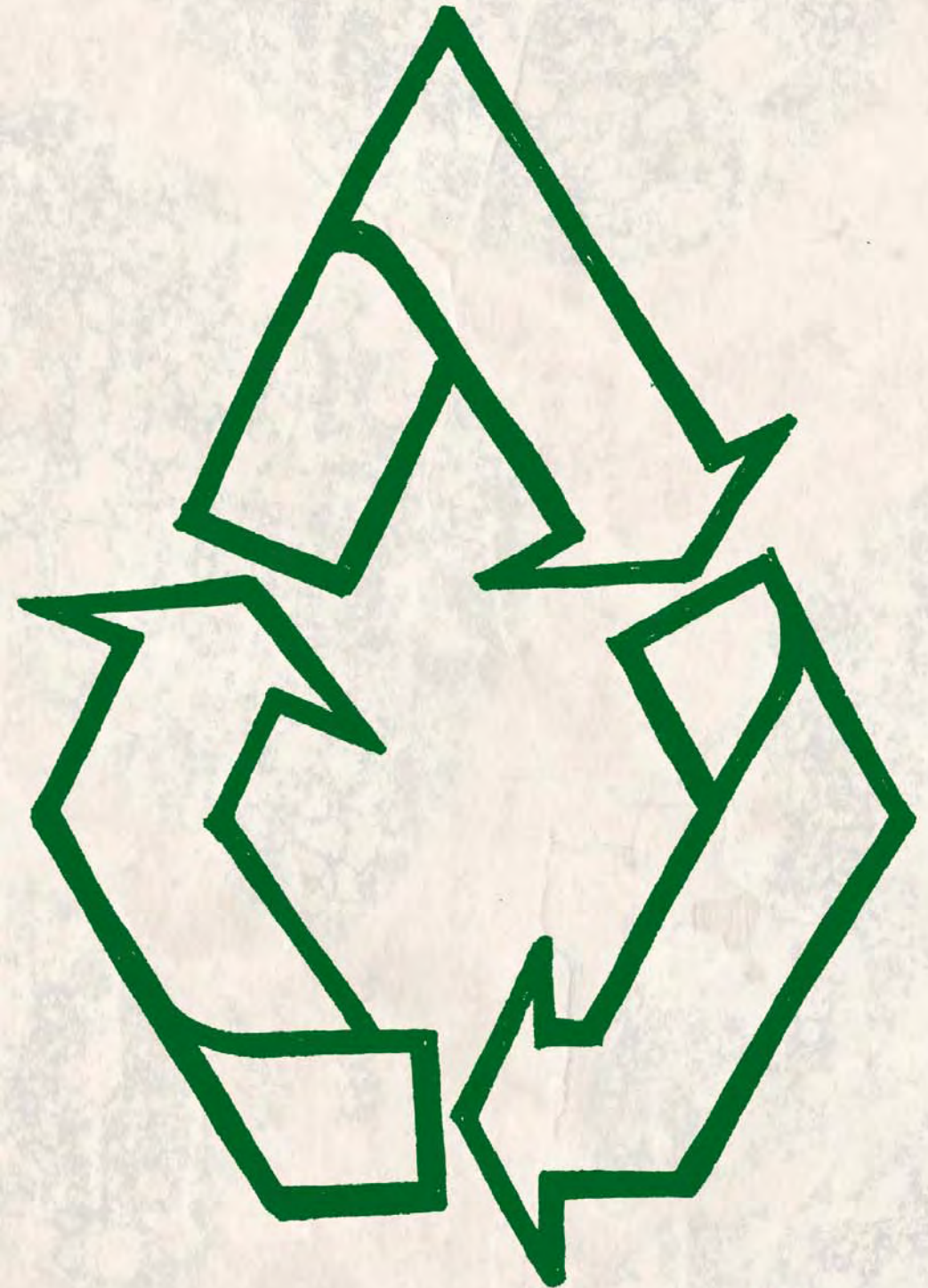
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AARON BUSKI shot by cronan

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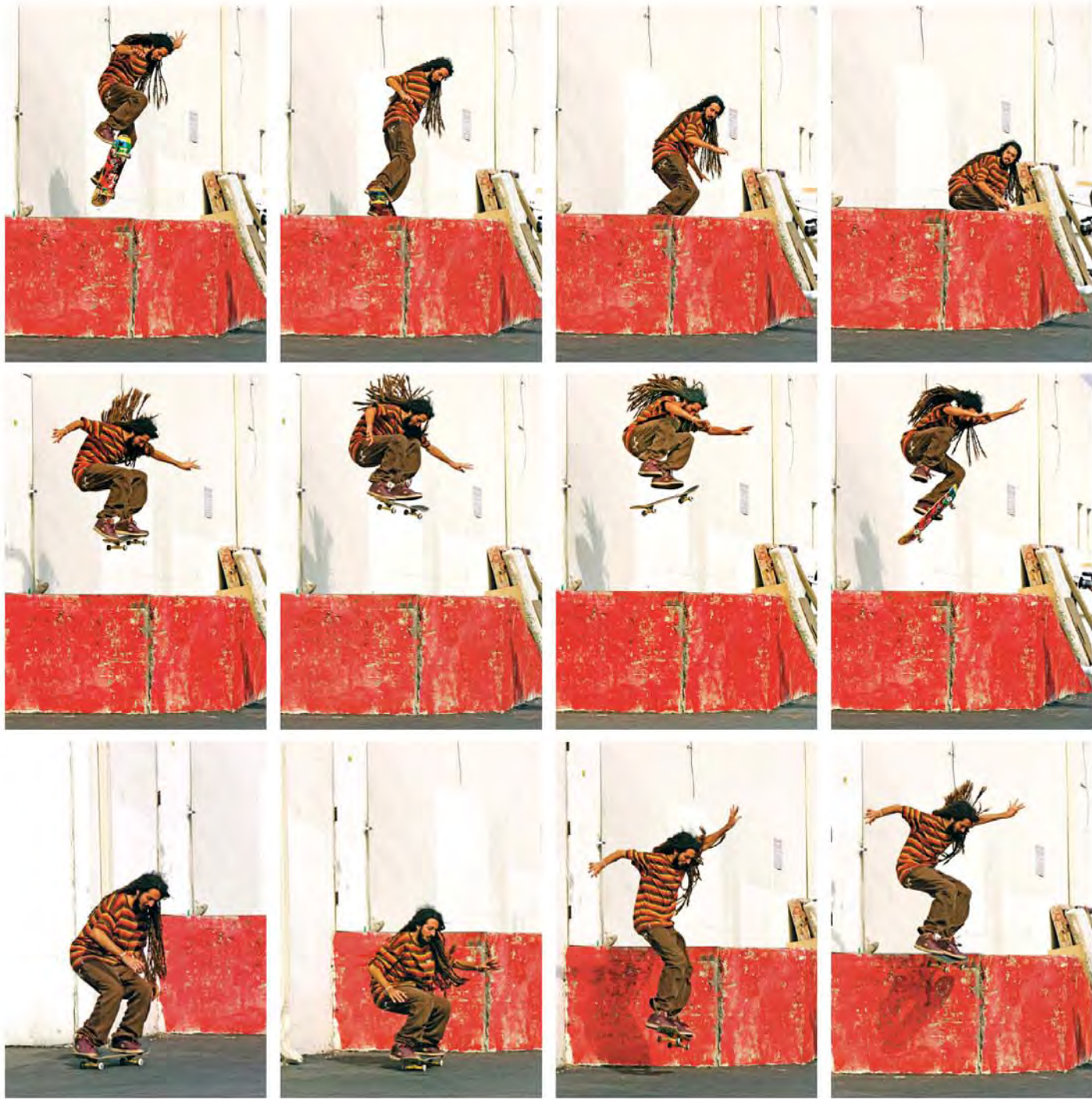


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This photograph was taken in Guangdong province, China. The landscape there is littered with factories making everything from televisions to tennis shoes. At night, driving down the highway, you can see building after building of workers, all lit by overhead fluorescent lights. The factories are all identical and consist of two major buildings. One houses the factory itself and the other contains dormitories for workers, who are mostly young adults from rural China. It's really, really depressing there. Photo by Stacy Kranitz.

VOLUME 14
NUMBER 2
Cover illustration by Benjamin Cho

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triple five *Soul*  triple5soul.com



This is a digital model a Dallas forensics firm put together to help law enforcement officials hunting for Andrew Cunanan, the guy who killed Gianni Versace (remember that?). It used what was then the “latest computer technology” to simulate what Cunanan would have looked like if he disguised himself as an ugly blonde woman or as an ugly brunette. The company, JuriLink, has since gone out of business. Photo by AP/JuriLink.

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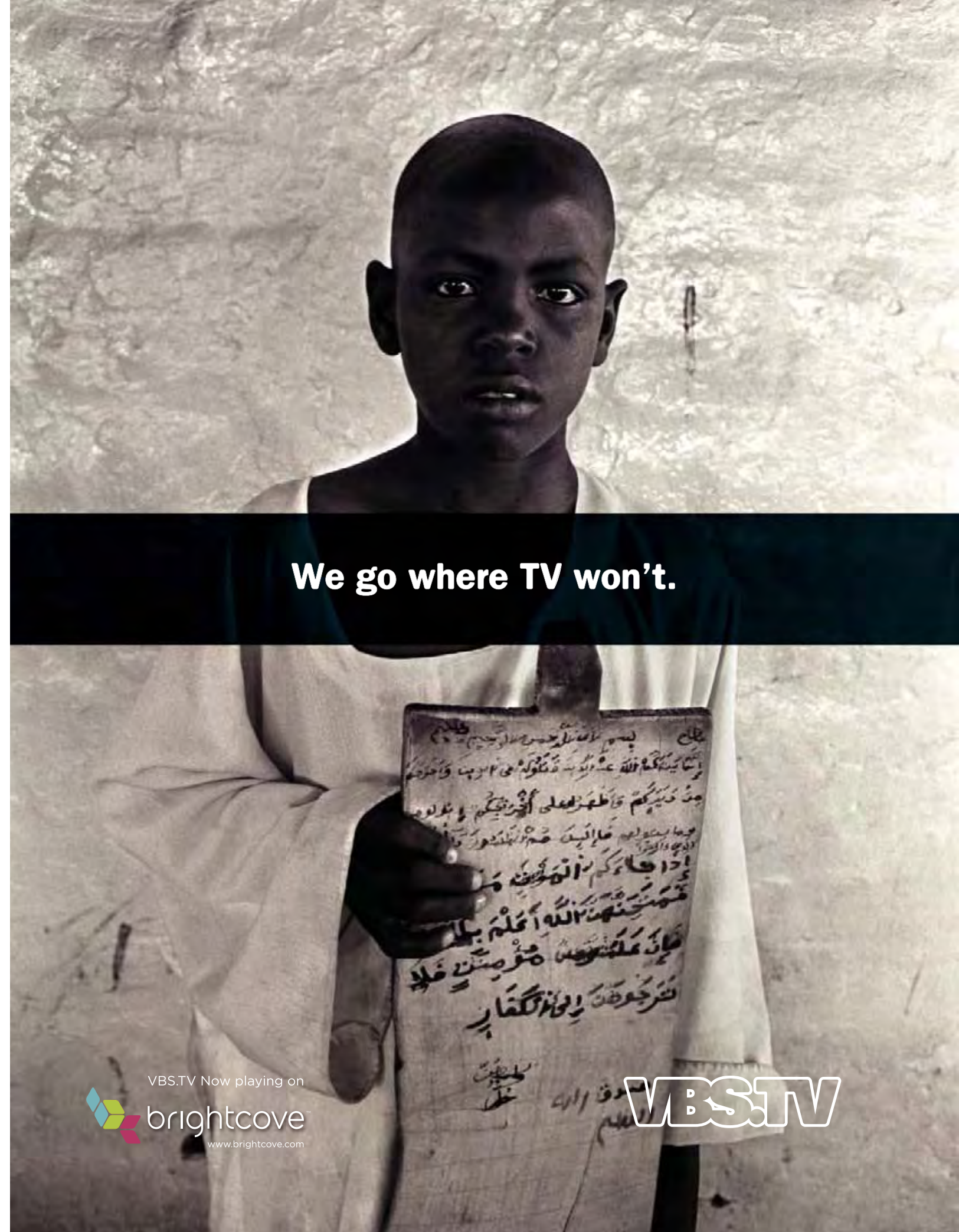
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EMPLOYEES OF THE MONTH



OTTESSA MOSHFEGH We’ve known Ottessa long enough to have some grasp of her history, so we thought it was a little weird when we asked her for a quick bio and she went on and on about the publisher she works for and totally left out the part where she ran a punk bar in Beijing for a couple of years. Maybe she’s been on the run from gangsters this whole time and we just blew her cover. Anyway, she’s here now and really content with her employer Overlook Press, whom she describes as an “old-fashioned” print house, “meaning they publish literary stuff they believe in, not small-time la-la.” She’s also had fiction published in a number of lit journals, not that it warranted mention either. Feel free to give her a good “What’s up with that?” if you see her.

See Thinking About Clothes, pg. 36

KATHY LO Kathy runs that website kathyisyourfriend.com. For this issue we had her shoot a nice, sober portrait of fashion critic Judith Thurman. But rest assured, her blog is a wealth of potential fantasy girlfriends and various debaucheries. We wish everyone who goes out drinking every night would make this sort of meticulous diary. When they’re good they provide reams of new jackoff fodder and even when they’re lame you can still bust folks you know for hanging around with a bunch of assholes.

See Thinking About Clothes, pg. 36

GAVIN WATSON Gavin Watson did one of the best photo books of all time. It’s called *Skins*. He’s been taking photos since he was 13 and living in the bleak UK town of High Wycombe. It’s basically Slough on *The Office*. Watson, in a touching-yet-cliché sentiment, describes getting his first pictures back from the developers as comparable to the time he saw Madness performing the “The Prince” on *Top of the Pops*—life changing. (Can British people relax about music please?) Anyway, pretty soon after that he became a full-time skinhead (the good working-class kind, NOT the racist asshole kind). Gavin really is a photo hero to us, and publishing his work is a big deal that would make our 15-year-old selves wet the bed in punk-rock glee.

See Brand New Skin, pg. 91

MARTYNKA WAWRZYNIAK Martyinka, a Polish girl via New Zealand, came to New York to be a model. That quickly changed when she realized that she would rather be in control of something more than her own face. In 2000, she co-founded the internationally acclaimed arts and culture magazine *Issue*. It lasted six years. We’d be seriously remiss if we didn’t tell you that Martyinka has been a Richard Kern model for over five years and his girlfriend for three of those. Right now, when she isn’t taking amazing pictures, Martyinka enjoys being a homey stepmom to Kern’s kid. She bakes muffins and stuff like that. Cute.

See Bands of NYC, pg. 103

PHOTO: BRADFORD



CHAD TIM TIM

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ABUSING OUR PRIVILEGE

Dear *Vice*,
I hope this letter finds you well. I just finished watching your documentary and I must say I am a bit confused as to why this documentary was filmed. My thoughts are: 1. “Did they want to film a video showing their wealth and connections which allowed them to engage in such excursions?” 2. “I get it they are simply just showing how fucked-up the world really is.” 3. “Ah now I see, they are capitalizing on ignorance!” I believe in exposing the underbelly of this crude world of which we exist, but when seeing how much wealth and power the *Vice* founders have, I please ask that your next medium of publish shows what you rich guys are doing to make this a better place.

Cheers, thanks a lot, your typical San Franciscan,
JENNIFER HODAPP
San Francisco, CA

It isn’t so much your knee-jerk, boring, toeing-the-line opinions that mark you as a typical San Franciscan though. It’s the fact that you think you’re smarter than you really are. Stick to anarchist poetry readings and crusty-punk drum circles please. Leave the thinking part to the straight white men. (OK, OK, kidding there. But seriously, fuck off.)

DER TABLOID

Dear *Vice* mag,
HOW COULD YOU DO THIS!!! I was sitting here (Berlin) in my room and was watching this fucking trashy German gossip/celeb TV show called *Taff* on PRO 7 and then I heard them say something about *Vice* magazine... and I was shocked! They went along with one of you guys’ DOs & DON’Ts photographers named Brenda and showed her doing her work taking pics of the fugliest tranny ever: Amanda Lepore. WHY WHY WHY!?!?!? You guys should sue the producers of the show cause the show IS SO BENEATH YOU motherfuckers!
Idk... I just had to share this w/ you...
Shalom,
UFUK (Yes, that is my name—blame my parents)
Berlin, Germany

We like Amanda Lepore because we like weirdoes. And PS: You were watching the show in the first place, so stop bitching.

LAST TO KNOW

So yeah, dear *Vice*,
I’ve been meaning to write you for some time now. I forgot what I was going to say. Other than that I remember you having a problem with dudes who wore “product” or gel in their hair. Well, I’m against gel, but I do wear this antifrizz sort of stuff. Otherwise my hair looks like fucking Einstein’s. You got a problem with that!? Also. I was a bit pleased to see you put out a *Vice* Fiction Issue. I gate-crashed your offices back in the summer of ’03 with a copy of my half-baked novella and a pitch for doing a *Vice* Fiction Issue (with stories from some good NY writers I knew). I don’t give a fuck if you remember or not, or ever even noticed, but you putting out the Fiction Issue means that I have good ideas and that I could probably do your job if I just had the right breaks/persistence/resilience. So anyways, it would’ve been nice if it was me sticking my penis into the lit chicks at the Chumley’s fashion shoot, but hey, maybe next year.
JULIAN MATTHESEN
Lower East Side, NY

PS: Now that the *Vice Guide to Travel* is out, I know what you cunts look like. It was cool seeing you down at Motor City. Also do you have any spaces on the soccer team? I got skills.

We have a soccer team?

SF SORROW

Dear *Vice*,
Why do girls think it’s all right to go on about vibrators and “finding the G-spot” and using terms like “the Cadillac of vibrators” and that it doesn’t make female sexuality into the grossest, most pseudoclinical feel-good bullshit on earth? They may think they’re helping promote equality with men by being “sexually frank” and “opening women’s eyes to their own bodies,” but their real male equivalents are the kind of guys who buy blow-up dolls or (shudder) those fake rubber vaginas and then do that thing where they’re like “Oh, everybody uses these, they just pretend they don’t” when they get called out. Genuine perverts. I mean, sure, it sucks that people used to feel bad about themselves and think that going down on a girl was dirty and whatever, but does that mean we can no longer have any lower bound of shame where sex is concerned? Maybe living in San Francisco too long has blinded me to what’s considered acceptable outside of New Gomorrah here and made me something of a reactionary, but it feels like dragging every form of deviance out of the closet not only sucked out all the forbidden appeal they used to hold but also encouraged people to start treating their sexuality with the same sort of casual “whatever works” sense they use buying clothes or a car. Just look at that Magic Wand—it looks like a fucking car buffer from Sears. I am hard-pressed to come up with anything less sexy than the thought of some girl cramming that piece of hardware into her crotch. I’m not advocating a return to 50s-level sexual repression, but can we not push back the tolerance bar one notch before nobody’s able to get a boner and our whole race dies out?

Thanks,
JAMES VINEYARD
San Francisco, CA

Sorry, buddy, can’t really relate. You don’t like the thought of “some girl cramming” a massive vibrator into her crotch? You’re right, you have been in “Frisco” for too long.

HAIR PIE

Dear *Vice*,
Please pass my thanks to Amy and Lesley for finally calling bullshit on girls shaving/waxing their entire crotch-zone. I keep myself reasonably trim, but it feels more and more like having any pubic hair at all beyond a tiny landing strip is some sort of huge offense against men’s interest. I actually had a guy I’d brought home and was about to go down on me be like, “Whoa, uhhh OK,” when he took my pants off and then proceed not to eat me out, like I had some sort of Angela Davis bush or something (it quickly turned out he wasn’t awesome BF material in a number of other departments as well). What really burns me up, though, is that while girls are being held to this ridiculous prepubescent standard, guys seem to feel free to let their pubes flourish into huge Afros that completely engulf their dicks and get caught between your teeth if you even consider giving them head. If they want us to look like 10-year-olds with tits, I say let them turn themselves back into hairless kids and see how awesome it feels.
SARAH FULLER
Brooklyn, NY

We’ll definitely pass your gratitude on to Amy and Lesley if we can machete our way through the jungle of pubes that surrounds them.

Send correspondence to vice@viceland.com (include city and state/province) or to Vice Magazine, 97 North 10th Street, Suite 204, Brooklyn, NY 11211. Letters are edited for length.



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TIDBITS (A MONTHLY LOOK AT THE THINGS WE LOVE)
READERS' THRIFT STORE FINDS



“You often find this shirt for under \$5 at thrift stores here in Atlanta because the National Museum of Patriotism is here. I haven’t met anyone who knows what that slogan means.”
SARAH DALTON, *Atlanta, GA*



“I scored this vision of divine feline fashion in an L.A. thrift shop. It was a gift to a Monday-HATING (she finds them absolutely ODIIOUS), lasagna-LOVING gal pal.”
BENJAMIN CHO, *New York, NY*



“My gay friend Pablo brought this back from Brazil for me.”
KIM MUND, *Minneapolis, MN*



“This cost me \$2. I think it’s for homo-phobes who work out.”
COLIN SACCO, *Jersey City, NJ*



“I’d heard about this cunnilingus instructions shirt and eventually found it at Spitalfields Market. It begins with the line, ‘Gently pull the lips apart and look at her inner lips’ and gets worse from there.”
ANDREW ROSS, *London, UK*



“This was two bucks at Big Bud’s. It’s the cheapest material I’ve ever touched. One grade above diapers.”
BLAKE JACOBS, *Ottawa, ON*



“This is from a friend of my mom’s who rents out costumes for a living. The leaves are supposed to be maple leaves but they look like pot. It’s kind of itchy but I love it.”
DEBORAH WEGER, *Montreal, PQ*



“This Shriner bomber cost me \$10 and the patches say weird shit like, ‘Oriental Band’ and ‘Stop Burn Injuries’ which I like to pretend has to do with burning people via riffs.”
BIG PINKY, *Brooklyn, NY*



“I guess this shirt is for people that bust shit. The back says ‘Rocky Mountain Pwod’ and I got it at one of those flea markets on 26th and 7th for about \$5.”
DAVID CROSS, *New York, NY*



“I love the smokes pocket on this because I could never really pull off the Schneider thing (where you insert the pack of smokes into your shirt sleeve and roll it up and over like a fajita).”
ANDREW GEDDES, *Ottawa, ON*



“Savers is a thrift store here in Madison that’s not really hip but still charged me \$12 for this.”
SARAH SHANIHAN, *Madison, WI*



“The 9th Ward was the badass part of New Orleans. It’s gone now so I guess this shirt is worth a lot of money.”
JOSH LEFEVRE, *Los Angeles, CA*



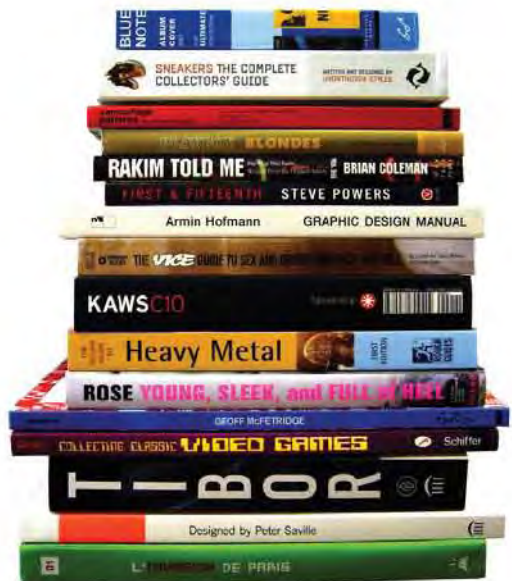
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TIDBITS (A MONTHLY LOOK AT THE THINGS WE LOVE)
READERS' THRIFT STORE FINDS



"These are both from Value Village. They're made from a space-age textile called Tyvek, also known as 'paper.' The second one says 'The Law Enforcement Torch Run—Special Olympics'."
BETTY YORK, *Vancouver, BC*



"I got these at the mall in Jersey City. They were in the window as demos but they sold them to me for \$20. I actually saw the guy from the Clinton one at the gym but I didn't have the shirt on me so I didn't say hi."
JENNY SEBLADANK, *Newark, NJ*



"My brother got me this from a huge store in Canada that sells rejects. It looks like something aNYthing or Rockers would put out."
BETH CATALINO, *Brooklyn, NY*

"I picked this up at Wasteland in L.A. for \$20."
AMY ROYKO, *Los Angeles, CA*

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THIS PAGE:
- SHOE TORTURE
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FASHION



CLOTHES




*"I'm sick of confused jeans
with a lot of rubbish on
them and those ugly washes
that every British skank is
wearing right now."*



Photos by Ben Ritter

High-Heel Highway

 We asked Sarah and Chloe here to walk the course of the New York Marathon in Bruno Magli heels. They made it about ten miles, then they punked out.

VICE STAFF




This is the route.
Sarah and Chloe
made it 9.3
miles before
crapping out.



Photo by
Anders
Edstrom

Grumpy Wumpy— Ann-Sofie Back Hates Everything

 Ann-Sofie Back started as a designer with the about-to-blow-up Swedish house Acne, then she quit and went to London and graduated from Central St. Martins College of Art and Design, just like everyone else who makes fun clothes and uses the word “deconstruction” a lot. Now she’s creating inventive things that make you feel pretty.

But she’s not getting recognized by anyone but fashion magazines. It’s a shame, because she’s kind of the Roky Erickson of fashion—crazy and over the top but easy to understand if you actually try. We also like her because she’s really cunty and mean...

Vice: What pieces of clothing have been the most fun for you to make?
Ann-Sofie Back: I don’t find designing fun. It’s just necessary.

What are you listening to when you’re making your new collection?
Whatever crap is around. If I had time to be a DJ that would mean I wasn’t working hard enough.

What’s your new line like?
I’ve been using burgundy. I hate burgundy, and I feel fairly excited about that.
What’s the worst thing people wear?
I’m sick of confused jeans with a lot of rubbish on them and those ugly washes that every British skank is wearing right now.

ELIN UNNES

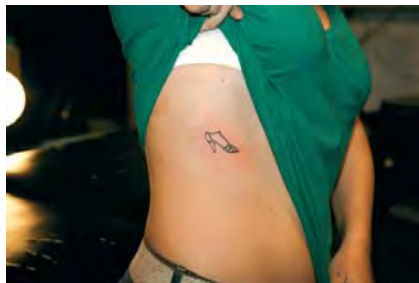
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These are their feet before.



These are their feet after.



This is the tattoo Sarah got for a \$200 bonus...



...and here's Sarah bleeding tootsie.




THIS PAGE:
- DRESSING SMART
- ANOREXIA NO WAY!



“Paris is the worst. They send you home if you’re too fat. In Milan, they like a bit of ass and tits.”

Thinking About Clothes

 Judith Thurman has been writing about fashion for the *New Yorker* since 2001. She didn’t begin as a fashion writer—she is the author of *Isak Dinesen: The Life of a Storyteller* and *Secrets of the Flesh: A Life of Colette*, among others. Those two books alone make her one million times smarter than the entire fashion industry combined. Thurman’s journalism has appeared in the *Times*, the *Nation*, *Vogue*, *Mademoiselle*, *Elle*, *Travel & Leisure*, *Self*, and *Ms*. She knows more about clothes than anybody else we can think of, and I want to be like her when I’m a grown woman. That’s why I sat down with her in her Upper East Side home to ask her what to wear for the rest of my life. Girls, if you want to be classy, pay attention.

Vice: What are you wearing right now?

Judith Thurman: I decided I was going to wear jodhpurs this winter. So I have these, which are from the 1940s. I got them in a thrift store. They’re hunting jodhpurs. I couldn’t find a black belt so I just used a man’s tie. And this is a vintage cashmere cardigan, probably from the 50s. I got this watch in a thrift store. And these are snake bracelets, which I collect and always wear. And earrings by Ted Muehling, my favorite jewelry designer.

Shoes?

These are actually Manolos that I found in a thrift store. They were \$150. But they’re shearling. I love shoes because they’re easy. There’s no anguish with shoes and there are so many varieties. It’s like promiscuity without any penalties.

You wear a lot of black...

Black is a closed-door sort of color. I wear it because it’s easy. Black doesn’t call attention to yourself. You have to feel up for wearing something dazzling—it takes a lot of effort to meet the world and attract attention. You court ridicule when you do that.

What’s the most expensive thing you ever bought to wear?


I bought a fur coat once, in a thrift store. It was the most beautiful thing I’d ever seen. A Galanos chocolate-brown Astrican coat with tiers of ruffles. It was something like \$2,500, which is astronomical. I wear it all the time.

INTERVIEW BY
OTTESSA MOSHFEGH



Photo by
Kathy Lo

Thin Skin—Card-Carrying Models in Milan

 In the wake of the recent deaths of two models from starvation, Italy’s Chamber of Fashion (can you believe there is such a thing outside the realm of a ten-year-old girl’s daydreams?) has proposed that all models who wish to walk in the next Milan Fashion Week should acquire a license, to be issued by a committee made up of doctors, psychiatrists, nutritionists, city officials, and members of the Chamber itself. The license will only be granted to models of at least 16 years of age who have a body mass index of 18.5. While almost everyone seems to agree that something should be done to halt the spread of anorexia and unhealthy body images in the fashion world, the move has created scads of titter and hullabaloo among a lot of homosexuals, fashion writers, and skinny European girls. So we asked four of the latter (all based in Milan) what they thought of the proposal.
COMPILED BY VICE ITALY



Anastasia Kuns kaya, 19 years old, born in Yalta, Ukraine

I’m glad to have it if it makes people happy or it gives me jobs. But I know for a fact that there are still clients who will be looking for super-skinny girls. These cards won’t change anything in this industry. If they want to change things, they should talk to the clients. The root of the problem is the image they want. They like this trashy, fucked-up look, which basically means unhealthy. This is what brings the negativity in this industry. But I don’t care—I’ve never had any eating disorders anyway.



Iuliana Matei, 23 years old, born in Bucharest, Romania

I think that this card is a good idea. I have one friend who is never eating because she’s afraid to put on weight. Only in Germany do they not really want skinny models. They like a bit of chunk. But it always depends on the client. If they want a skinny girl who looks like a boy, they will do casting for that. If they want a girl with big tits, they will look for a girl with big tits. A lot of people in fashion are gay and they are the ones that want girls who look like 14-year-old boys.



Alexandra Alexandrovna Yanina, 19 years old, born in Kostroma, Russia.

I think the ID card is a pretty dumb idea. It isn’t going to change much really, since the designers—in my opinion—are the ones who make the rules in the fashion industry. I think that the main responsibility for the perpetuation of unhealthy images such as super-skinny models is with the designers themselves.



Eke Bon, 20 years old, born in Amsterdam, Netherlands

I’ve worked with girls who have these problems. Actually, I lived with a girl who had an eating disorder. She was bulimic. She used to wake up in the middle of the night, eat loads of chocolate, and then puke it all out. So I think the card is a good idea if it helps these girls. It’s more than a coincidence that models are skinny and develop eating disorders. But it really depends on your circumstance, the agency, and your booker. When I was living in the model’s apartment it was always fun, so I don’t think it’s a peer pressure thing. I never had an eating disorder, although people thought I did because I was so skinny. But I just have a good metabolism. Paris is the worst. They send you home if you’re too fat. In Milan, they like a bit of ass and tits.

Photos by
Matteo Montanari



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“After the game, there were young people having a ball—a dozen of them, half-loaded on beer, and I think they’d formed some kind of club using the old logo.”



Do We Look Fat?—The *Vice* Diet

 Not too long ago, Karl Lagerfeld dropped half his body weight and then wrote a book about how he did it with the help of Dr. Jean-Claude Houdret. We asked Dr. Houdret to write a diet for *Vice*. We said, “Please just tell us what to eat so we can look like Karl Lagerfeld please and thank you.” And he did it! So here it is, the official *Vice* Diet. No cheating (and no fat chicks, please). From here on out, it’s Dr. Houdret talkin’ at ya!

This is a severe diet that you may practice for between one week and one month. Let’s start with the ground rules: You may not make any substitutions. You may not switch days or replace any foods on this diet with other foods. You may have one glass of red wine a day. You may not have more than one, nor may you drink any other alcoholic drinks. Do not eat anything other than what is indicated. Follow the diet for as long as I tell you to (in this case, a week to a month). Once you commence the diet, you may not stop it. No snacking! Replace salad oils and dressings with citrus juices, mustard, and vinegar. Eat your vegetables without butter or with a little bit of light butter, if you must. Only eat meats and fish that are grilled or baked. Drink your tea or coffee black or with a little skim milk, and if you like, sweetened with artificial sugar. Do not worry about portion sizes. The important thing, the thing you must do, is to follow the diet scrupulously. In case of cravings, you may have a scoop of protein powder mixed with water, provided it contains less than 100 calories.


For breakfast each morning, without any change, you will eat one container of low-fat plain yogurt, one scoop of protein powder, and tea or coffee.

If, after doing the *Vice* Diet for one month, you do not look exactly like Karl Lagerfeld, give up forever. You are destined to be a fat lump of shit, and there’s simply nothing we or Karl or Dr. Houdret can do to help you. Now get out of here, fatso.

DR. JEAN-CLAUDE HOUDRET AND VICE STAFF

1ST DAY	2ND DAY	3RD DAY	4TH DAY	5TH DAY	6TH DAY	7TH DAY
Lunch: Cold cuts. Broiled tomatoes. Coffee or tea. Dinner: Grilled or steamed fish. Steamed vegetables. One cantaloupe or one cup of blueberries.	Lunch: Fruit salad. Coffee or tea. Dinner: Steak or veal, grilled. Lettuce, tomato, cucumber, and celery salad.	Lunch: Salad with grilled salmon. One cantaloupe. Coffee or tea. Dinner: Roasted rabbit. Lettuce, tomato, cucumber, and celery salad.	Lunch: Grilled or roasted chicken, spinach. Dinner: Three boiled eggs. Green beans. Coffee or tea.	Lunch: Two cuts of ham. Spinach, raw or steamed. Dinner: Grilled or steamed fish. Salad as you please.	Lunch: Fruit salad. Coffee or tea. Dinner: Roasted turkey thigh. Salad of lettuce and tomato.	Lunch: Steamed or grilled fish. Vegetables cooked without oil. One cantaloupe. Dinner: Steak or lamb, grilled or roasted. Salad of lettuce and cucumber.

Fabulous Football—Bucco Bruce Is Sorely Missed

 Lamar Sparkman is an 85-year-old artist living in Tampa, Florida. A little more than 30 years ago, Tampa got themselves a professional football team, and Lamar had the good fortune of coming up with their original design—an orange and red pirate named Bucco Bruce.

The Buccaneers wore the “Creamsicle”-colored uniforms with Sparkman’s design all the way up to 1997, even though fans started shitting on his pirate the very day it debuted. Never mind that the team’s good players routinely bailed because they were paid peanuts by tightfisted, philandering owner Hugh Culverhouse. After getting new owners and adopting new uniforms—subtracting Bruce, and adding the macho color pewter—the Bucs finally won the Super Bowl in 2002.

But some of us loved this pirate and the fact that he was very likely a homosexual. After talking to Sparkman, however, I don’t think he even knows what gay means. He just wanted to draw a goddamn pirate, okay?

Vice: How did Bucco Bruce happen?

Lamar Sparkman: I did over 1,000 sports cartoons for the *Tampa Tribune*. In 1975, the team had a contest. Culverhouse didn’t want a pirate with a five-day beard or missing teeth. He wanted a clean-cut pirate. And I gave them a clean-cut pirate. A sort of Errol Flynn-type.

When you were coming up with him did you try to get inside the head of a pirate? Like, “Who is this Bucco Bruce, anyway? What makes him tick?” I studied up on buccaneers a little bit. What a bunch of convicts! They had their own ships and prowled the seas, the Caribbean down here. They were a rough lot. But I never tried to imagine what crimes Bucco Bruce may have committed. Not even in my mind.

When did things go sour for Bucco?

The team started losing, and people blamed it on the uniforms. They blamed interceptions, coaching, everything on the logo.

So do you ever see Bucco Bruce around now? There’s sort of this retro comeback thing happening with the shirt Reebok made...

I wasn’t aware of that shirt. The year my wife died, at the end of the season, we went to a game. After the game, there were young people having a ball—a dozen of them, half-loaded on beer, and I think they’d formed some kind of club using the old logo. I didn’t introduce myself.

JEFF JOHNSON



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TEXT AND PHOTOS BY AMY KELLNER



Angela DiCarlo
Makeup artist

I found this dress downstairs in the fat-girls department of Rainbow on Delancey Street in New York. Wear a black vintage slip underneath, put on some false eyelashes and some control-top pantyhose and you got yourself a cute look! I was wearing it in L.A. when I was on tour with Fischerspooner, and Simon Le Bon came to the show. I was such a big Duran Duran fan growing up. I asked him to sing me "Last Chance on the Stairway" and he didn't remember the lyrics!



Ian Reid
Pro skater

This is a shirt made by my man Ace Boon Kunle. It's IRAK, but IRAK really stands for Ian Reid Always Kills. This shirt represents the way I feel about kids I see in the streets right now. They'll buy anything just because some asshole on the internet said, "Buy this shit, it's cool." The shirt has the black dude coming up with the idea, the Jewish dude financing it, the Asian dude has a factory, and then there's the kid who buys it just because. Does it get any simpler than that? Fuck no, that's it right there.



Chrissie Miller
Fashion designer/club owner

This is my favorite jean jacket. I've had it since I was maybe 18. I've even lost it a few times and gotten it back. I don't think I've ever washed it or anything. It's just faded from wearing it so much. It used to be dark blue. If you look through my photo album, I'm wearing it in most pictures. I take it everywhere. It's been to Paris, to Miami... Um, Staten Island. Man, if this jacket could talk!



Jessy Brodsky
Student/painter/cocktail waitress

This is my mother's dress. I stole it out of her closet a couple of years ago. I don't know where she got it. Maybe it's vintage, but it's probably just some 90s thing. But this is what I wear on dates and when I want to feel feminine because it's very simple and girly. You don't have to think about it much and then you're ready to go! I've had good luck in it. It's pretty much my lucky dress.



Ramona Bean Sidlo
Model agent

This is my navy-blue cloak with gold buttons. Three years ago I envisioned this cloak in my mind. I looked in every thrift store and couldn't find it. Then, this past September I was walking down 10th Street and there was a random sidewalk sale on the street and there it was. I was like, "Oh my god, this is it! This is THE cloak." I was so excited. It was exactly how I envisioned it to be. And it was only \$10! Best thrifting score ever. It's everything that I ever wanted in my wardrobe.



Simon Curtis
Graphic designer/DJ

This is my bootleg Flavor Flav sweatshirt, circa 1988. I got it at a flea market in Jersey. Public Enemy used to be my favorite band. They changed my life. Flavor Flav was the man—I mean, before all his new fame now. Pre-Betty Ford. I like the wonderful production quality of this shirt. It has that vintage bootleg quality. Like remember those Mickey and Minnie Mouse shirts where they're a homeboy and homegirl? That level of quality.



Ambiguous

NEW YORK



BOYS Boys here are really hairy lately. A good rule of thumb is shave on Monday and let it grow until Saturday, when it will be perfect. We're also beginning to see long, chin-length locks a lot more often. Also still hanging on, but probably on the way out soon, are old men's hats like fedoras, trilbies, and bee-bops. Jeans are mostly dark, raw denim and skinny. Some guys like them so skinny that they've started buying girls' denim. For tops, all-over prints are huge. You'll see it on everything from hoodies to shoes, jackets, and hats. Guys also tend to wear shirts that fit them now as opposed to the XXXL tees of yore. Converse are as eternal and inevitable as the tides. You still pretty much only see Chucks and Dunks on the Lower East Side. In terms of New York boy accessories, those Palestinian *shemaghs*, or just any obnoxiously large scarf, are still hanging on by a thread (har har har).



GIRLS If you're a girl in New York and you don't have bangs, you're kind of in trouble. Hair is either really long and tousled like you just got out of bed, à la Jane Birkin, or cut in a short, 1920s flapper style. But these cuts are almost always paired with straight-across blunt-cut bangs. The typical party dress has gone out of style here. Now you've got t-shirts and peasant dresses. They're long, flowy, and somewhat shapeless. It was recently decided that workout gear can and shall be worn at all times of the day. Girls wear leggings with everything: Shorts, dresses, skirts—even alone as pants. Ankle boots are in and, surprisingly, so are platforms. Big bags are excellent for carrying an extra pair of shoes and your sweater. When it comes to jewelry, people pretty much pile as much on as they can. Matching is no longer an issue. Long chains are huge now.

Photos by Thalia Mavros. Models: Matt and Samantha. Boy: Kangol hat, Uniqlo jacket, A. Kurtz top, APC jeans, Converse shoes. Girl: APC dress, American Apparel leggings, Steve Madden shoes, Fremont sweater, necklaces by Arms and Amory, Vintage purse.

LONDON



BOYS The new-rave day-glo thing that the Klaxons invented is kind of dying out because everybody else in the world is copying it. Instead, guys have started to wear dark browns and blacks and grays but they're gaying it up with daring things like shorts and pink socks and scarves. Cardigans, both vintage 50s-style and big, knitted-by-your-mom-style, are really in. So are slip-on shoes from Merc and Trickers brogues. People are starting to embrace the Aquascutum label as a kind of thinking thug's Burberry, while grime kids are all over black Stone Island jackets. Skinny white or black jeans are pretty much essential for everybody and even rap fans here are starting to curb the wideness of their trousers. Guys in bands are wearing these crazily colored shoes with gold trimming that you buy in the African gentlemen's boutiques. Jamie Reynolds from Klaxons (them again) just ordered a pair with tiny mirrors all over them.



GIRLS Ecstasy and ketamine are really big again because London coke is so bad and expensive. This means girls are starting to wear white oversize Katherine Hamnett shirts that say "Love" in big bold black print, accessorised with eight-hole Dr. Martens and leggings. You can mix this with a black printed hoodie as well. Dungarees, short shorts, baby-doll dresses, oversize bags, and tailored pants "north of the ankle" are also coming in thick and fast. Other big looks include the Horrors-influenced neo-goth vibe that makes girls dress like Wednesday Addams and Lily Allen's vintage "chav" look, which consists of Nike Air Max 90s teamed with nice coats. Hair-wise, girls are going for the just-got-out-of-bed-after-falling-asleep-with-a-load-of-hair-mousse-dissolving-into-my-scalp look or that regular straight hair that all the girls in American Apparel ads have. The new goths dye it black.

Photos by Guy Stephens. Models: James and Nova



PARIS



BOYS The new-rave thing isn't catching on so big in Paris. However, tacky 1990s style is. Congratulations, Parisians. French boys are wearing Vichy lumber-jack-tartan long-sleeve shirts, or simple, colorful t-shirts under bleached denim jackets (some of them are cutting their sleeves off, too). Another big option is a fluorescent overly-ornamented track-suit jacket. Good old Levi's 501s are, of course, ubiquitous. They are worn on the waistline and you see them in white, black, or dyed almost any color but blue. Last decade's popular accessories are back too: Bumbags, gold- or plastic-framed glasses, a flashy cap with the visor turned up, or even a pager hanging on a crocodile belt. The shoes are mostly vintage sneakers, and are often the only inarguably tasteful thing about the outfits on boys in Paris in 2007. Let's just hope that B.U.M. Equipment doesn't make a comeback next.



GIRLS French girls in 2007 are making their grandmothers look like whorish mall chicks by comparison. What we mean by that, of course, is that young French girls are dressing conservatively. They wear smart short coats (a lot of fur), Empire-waisted dresses (no longer than above the knees), and large belts (often worn just below the breasts). Down below, it's elegant designer high heels and black opaque pantyhose. Parisian girls are also going for a lot of old Miladys accessories: Hairbands, leather gloves, old brooches, and large shawls or thin scarves. A lot of them are even using cigarette holders. Mostly everything is (or at least looks) vintage. We've spent a lot of time speculating about what's making Parisian girls cover up so much, and the only thing we've come up with is that they are acknowledging the fact that men like to unwrap girls as if they were birthday presents.

Photos by Alberto Cabrera, Models: Ludmilla and Zohaer

BERLIN



BOYS New rave is the thing here, but it's a bit Vegas with all the icons and symbols inspired by the early-90s Rave Nation crap. So you'll see things like Mickey Mouse gloves and ears, hip bags (meaning fanny packs), huge prints in bold colors, and whistle necklaces getting mixed up with colorful shiny jackets, bow ties, and cummerbunds (that's correct, fucking bow ties and cummerbunds). Tights, leggings, and skinny pants (Cheap Mondays mostly) are still in for guys. Shoes are ballerina flats or pointy Chelsea boots with five-centimeter heels. Boys are wearing mostly long hair and those asymmetrical haircuts are slowly disappearing. Big sunglasses inspired by the late 70s and early 80s—angled or round—are everywhere too. Wearing tights seems a bit risky in case of a situation such as a "bus-on" (that's when the vibration of a bus you're riding gives you a boner) but Germans are known for their bravery.



GIRLS Young ladies in Berlin today have big hairdos in scream, artificial colors, like fire-engine red or pink. Some even wear wigs. (An obvious oversight there, as the very sensation of touching a wig is enough to send seismic waves of douche chills through the strongest man's heart.) The general silhouettes are oversize or slim, but nothing in between. The slim silhouette is all about high-waisted trousers, skirts, or tights and some kind of torero-style shawl. Girls often wear huge belts with this look. The oversize silhouette girls wear huge dresses that are cut in an extreme A-line, or they combine guys' t-shirts with massive men's suit trousers fixed by a small belt at the waist. The rapper types are still at it with the giant hoodies, 80s tights, and Nike or Adidas high-tops. They also wear wedges or rough boots. Big glasses with bigger frames—mostly from the 70s—are popular with everybody.

Photos by Sarah Karsten, Models: Mattis and Gabi



Chad Maska in Maska Slim Denim, CH Blazer, Black Jack Hoody, Knite Tee, Muskatel Tee, 24h Bueble, Phils Hat
WWW.ONEDIST.COM



TOKYO



A note about summing up street style in Tokyo: It's fucking impossible. A note about summing up street style in the Shibuya or Harajuku areas of Tokyo: You may as well try curing cancer with a fifth-grade education and no hands or eyes. There are so many different kinds of shops catering to so many heavily regimented subcultures, you can be unrecognizable from day to day. Do you want to be a gothic Lolita with a slight fetish for grunge leggings and a sprinkle of Edith Head on top? Fine, no prob. How about the body of a BOY London 1980s club kid, the feet of a British skinhead, and the hair of, I don't know, fucking Astro Boy? Sound good? Well, can do! So here's how we did this. We headed out to Tokyo's central meeting point, Yoyogi Park, found a group of cute, not ridiculously- yet still similarly-dressed boys and girls, and asked two of them what they and their friends were wearing this week.

BOYS A lot of guys are wearing hoodies over tight jeans with Vans or Converse sneakers. Sports brands like Nike are still vaguely in style too. Lots of Tokyo boys are carrying messenger bags. Pists (bicycles for track racing) are really popular, so they ride those around everywhere too.

GIRLS The girls have been wearing a lot of high, thick heels or wedges with skinny jeans or overalls. Either that, or brightly colored skirts and leggings, like our model here. Go for a thin V-neck top with a small and cute single-diamond necklace.

Photos by Shin Tamura. Models: Kosuke and Yulko, special thanks to Yumiko and Emi

MONTREAL



BOYS The ratio of really hot young females to males in Montreal is about 21362:1. So boys here can stand around with their close-cropped, messy hair, pubescent peach-fuzz face, and a little Quebecois tackiness and still get laid. Montreal guys balance out the thrift-store stuff like the cap/scarf one-piece and the DIY Montreal hippie-craft silk-screen t-shirt with some high-end European labels and local designer stuff, like a cardigan from Dubuc or a Philippe Starck watch. Jeans are slim-fit Scandinavian-style in darker tones. Boys don't like spending too much on shoes because the Canadian winter conditions kill them. Big bags are essential for swapping your outside shoes for inside shoes when you arrive at a party. Yes, boys in Montreal really do that.



GIRLS For Montreal girls the tailored 60s ye-ye look is huge. Scarves are big, generally tried-and-true hand-me-downs from grandmothers who have survived previous Canadian winters. Plaid is pretty popular. Skirts are wool and high-waisted, and dark wool leggings are popular. Bags are big and bulky. Many are the patch-work-leather Quebec rock kind that still smell like their original 1980s chain-smoking, bingo-playing owner. Sweaters are puffy and sequined. Necklaces are often DIY, with girls breaking up old earrings and pendants and putting them on a chain. Hair and makeup are natural, and girls are more into eye makeup than lipstick. Bras are optional. Those who wear them go for vintage girlie ones from liquidation places like La Belle Renée.

Photos by Roger Aziz. Models: Alex and Annie



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STOCKHOLM



BOYS For young boys, it's all about new rave right now. That means absolutely no facial hair and overall neat hairdos. Short back and sides with a little fringe is the standard. Sweaters are big and puffy, almost knee length, with either fluorescent or neon, silver-y or simple graphical patterns. Patrik Söderstam and Bernhard Willhelm are really big. T-shirts are either oversize or really slim. The brands are obscure and vintage, like BOY London. This shirt was bought in an Indian store in a Stockholm suburb run by a guy who doesn't bother unpacking his deliveries. You just step into what looks like his office and go through the boxes of cling-film-wrapped clothes yourself. Pants are usually super-skinny jeans. Tights are happening for boys here too. For shoes, it's big, white, loosely-tied Reeboks or Nikes. Some certain boys—mainly the ones who enjoy doing it with other boys—are using man bags.



GIRLS Girls are going for messy, straight-out-of-bed hair. You'll need to go through extensive bleaching and recoloring to get it right. They also use bikini tops instead of regular bras. Band back patches are getting rediscovered. Shorts are still pretty popular. These are actually black gymnastics panties. If it's cold, girls will switch to chlorine-bleached jeans with short legs and a high waist. They give you a bit of a gut even if you're skinny. Short skirts, still with a high waist, are another option. Worn out t-shirts with band logos or goofy tiger, eagle, or kitten prints are popular. This one says "I Love Cats." Opaque black stockings are the only nylons allowed. Shoes are either soft, flat boots that ride down a bit around the ankle, biker boots, or vintage TGIF waitress sneakers. Cheap Monday jeans are huge for both sexes.

Photos by Linnea Sjöberg. Models: Martin and Tanya

MELBOURNE



BOYS Frugality is the main theme here, with Cheap Monday jeans on everyone's arse and \$5 knock-off Wayfarers on their heads. Old Levi's are staples, paired with white tees/shirts/singlets. The only rule is that they must be fresh out the pack. Nudie jeans and flannelette (flanny) shirts are big also. Facial hair is there but barely. Boys in Melbourne are into the 50s faux tough guy look, so there are a lot of thin black ties tucked into covered-button dress shirts with sleeves rolled up and tightly fitted black jeans. Shoes are very pointy, thanks largely to Italian shoemaking legend Rocco, who custom designs from his store behind a train station. Sydney boys are a different story. On the whole there's a lot more color and tight jeans are worn with something like an oversize, brightly-colored, bold-pattered Material Boy or Ksubi t-shirt.



GIRLS It's summer in Australia right now and dresses are the official uniform for girls. Neutral and one-toned dresses are tweaked with badge-adorned vests, bright scarves, chunky, often handmade jewelry, and super-styled hair: Fringes, fringes, fringes. Legs are usually bare with cheap flats during the day and vintage pumps at night. But our favorite Aussie look now is something we like to call Pastel City. It's very girly with light, cotton dresses in pastel colors and messy, childlike hair with cute thrift-store accessories. Our model is wearing a Filipino housedress, a vintage belt, Tony Bianco shoes, vintage parrot earrings, and a locket her mum gave her for Christmas. Many American boys feel that Australia should be exporting girls like this to our shores instead of pasty cadavers like Nick Cave and hyperspazzes like Paul Hogan. Do you hear us, Australia? Send more of your sassy-accented Filipino-descended girls.

Photos by Jonathan Tillet De-Mallory. Models: Ligaya and Thom



lifetimecollective.com

lifetime collective

photo by collective member stephen wilde
art by collective member ben tour

BRUSSELS



BOYS Latin and German cultures clash in Belgium, so the natural inclination is to walk around in architecturally-extreme clothes printed with awful, loud patterns. Luckily, guys in Belgium are flouting this and keeping it fairly simple. Start with a nice, easy Carhartt t-shirt. Big logos and big brands are still worn here, and shamelessly so. Next, get a tweed jacket. A lot of wasted teens are walking around Brussels in black leather lately, but the majority of guys are going with tweed this winter. They are kind of dressing like Belgian granddads, minus the mustache and the stench of Brylcreem. Faded jeans are big in Belgium now. Walking around in Belgium in fluorescent rave pants or 70s disco bootcuts—which are the standards in most of Europe—is a big, big no-no here. Guys mostly just stick to nice, old jeans or they buy expensive G-Sus's that look like you got them from your big brother.



GIRLS Belgian girls are also wearing tweed this winter. In this case, it's a double-breasted short tweed jacket. Big, thick scarves are essential. "The scarf is worn like a jewel on a coat," or so our grandmothers told us. A schoolgirl skirt in plain black is a good choice in Brussels now. Just a couple of fingers above the knee, and you will be getting stalked down the street by horny Belgians. Lots of girls here are trying the hyperminiskirt-in-winter thing right now, but, believe us: This is the way. Vintage secondhand boots are a good finishing touch for the skirt. There's good money to be made in secondhand boots here these days, too. You buy them for five euros at the flea market and sell them at 70 to a cheesy vintage shop. Red accessories are good too. On our model, we've got a small vintage 70s handbag and Doris Day earrings.

Photos by Kasper Demeulemeester, Models: Sam and Charlotte

AMSTERDAM



BOYS This is a home haircut. Kids in the Netherlands all do it themselves now, mainly for a messy DIY look, but also because it's cheaper. Boys' jackets tend to be high-end (in this case Burberry). The UK new-rave hype has arrived here, so vintage shops have started selling lots of flashy leggings, but the wide bodybuilding pants are coming up as well [*shudder*]. Secondhand no-name-brand shoes are the best now, but Nike Air Max are also back on track. Flannel shirts are not uncommon in the Netherlands. It's the inevitable grunge resurgence, right? Smiley pins are all over everyone, boys and girls. Blame new rave for that too. It's a lucky thing that people here are known for generally being tolerant, otherwise the streets might be littered with corpses dressed like this little elf. Isn't he just sort of begging you to kick his ass there? Look at him. He's smirking at you.



GIRLS Like it or not, girls here smoke. Our model Winnie smokes Davidoff. Just like in France, cigarette holders are in style now. Girls are wearing sophisticated leggings, like these golden numbers here. For tops, a lot of girls are going cheap and ironic. (Which means that they are about ten years behind New York.) This is a one-euro Madonna shirt, and you'll also see prints of "icons" like Van Halen or 50 Cent. Dutch girls are favoring bright-red heels or cute 1980s canvas shoes. This is a black PVC jacket. Girls here are wearing tight jackets in the bars and clubs. Clunky accessories, like this crucifix necklace, are big. The lower you wear them, the better. You can see a lot of Dutch girls wearing berets or caps, or in this case, a black veil. We would like to officially applaud the use of berets by girls. It is a thing known as "adorable."

Photos by Lisa Gliederpuppe, Models: Piotrek and Winnie



HELSINKI



BOYS It rains a lot in Finland, so boys water-comb their hair. It's practical. Vintage leather jackets are major now, partly because they're functional considering the wind, rain, and cold. Usually they'll have tight fits and good cuts. They're mainly black, but some boys will go for gray or maroon. Finnish boys are wearing a lot of knitted sweaters and shirts, also with tight fits. They're usually secondhand with quirky patterns and colors. Dress pants are a big trend right now. They're often high-quality, expensive brands because there's heaps of Hugo Boss at the flea markets here. The most common jeans are skinny-fit Acnes. Shoes run the gamut from loafers, Chuck Taylors, Adidas, and Vans, to classics like these Menokkaats. They were the must-have sneaker of every Finnish schoolyard in the 80s. Man bags are still popular in Helsinki. They're good for carrying extra shirts if you get soaked in the rain.



GIRLS For Finnish girls, makeup is sparse with one element highlighted, like bright red lips. Depending on the occasion, girls might go with big earrings, or locally designed or vintage necklaces in natural materials like fabric or wood. Absolutely no diamonds or bling on Finn girls today. Ponytails go on the side, like that girl from *Napoleon Dynamite*. Helmet hair is big and some 50s hairdos are getting more common too. Dresses are A-line 60s style, with a twist—the fabrics range from flannel to cotton and wool. Tops are oversize. Girls will mix high-fashion brands with secondhand. You'll see the same girl in a tracksuit and sneakers one day and an evening dress and high heels the next. For leggings, go with Lycra or cotton either in dark colors or with colorful patterns. Knee-high boots, either flat or with high heels, are huge in Helsinki now. Another option is simple high heels in red, gold, or other strong colors.

Photos by Mikko Rytönen, Models: Topi and Sanna

BARCELONA



BOYS Can you believe that anyone on earth is still wearing trucker caps? Boys in Barcelona are. Most guys here are growing beards too. Well-coordinated undershirts are for guys as well as for girls. No bright, daring tones for shirts in Spain right now—boys are going with sensible colors like brown, gray, olive, or blue. Tight tracksuit jackets and loose jeans, like trucker hats, are vestiges of fads past that Spanish boys are still clinging to like security blankets. Checkered slip-on Vans are a pretty solid choice here. For coats, go with Army surplus raincoats and parkas. Men's haircuts are short in general, with a popular style being a long-sided fringe along the forehead (a bit like Hitler's haircut but longer and less evil). Many boys in Barcelona have shaved heads or are sporting the typical Roman haircut, aka the good old Caesar. In general, Spanish men are running a little behind the rest of the world.



GIRLS Spanish girls are doing goth-like dyed black hair with a straight fringe. The flapper influence was big with them this winter. In Barcelona, we are thanking Christ for this development in girls' hair because, up until now, an awful feathered-mullet look had been clinging tenaciously to female heads and showing no signs of leaving. Makeup is very minimal with really red lips. Undershirts should always match the rest of the clothes. Tight vintage shirts from the 70s are big and are worn with slim black suspenders. Girls in Barcelona are carrying extra-large leather bags loaded with useless crap. As in most countries now, extra-tight black pants are huge. You can accessorize with a leather rocker wristband (we think they're corny, but a lot of girls are doing it here now). Socks are carefully color-coordinated too. For shoes, go with winter slip-ons.

Photos by Roberto Rizzo and Boris Ripoll, Models: Manel and Maria

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CHINA WORLD



A BOOTLEGGGER SPEAKS

The Face of Counterfeit Goods?

I am 21 years old and just graduated from university. I was born and raised in a small city in Hunan with around 40,000 people. Now I am living in Shenzhen, a modern city in southern China, not so far from Hong Kong. I am working in the city in an office, selling many kinds of not-original-brand clothing over the internet.

My boss has a factory in China for vegetables and fruits. His family has been doing that for ages. Every year the turnover is around \$10 million US. They sell ginger, garlic, potatoes, bananas, lychee, carrots, cabbage, lotus roots, chestnuts, pears, and shallots. The fake-items business is just like an extra bonus. I asked my big boss about it and he said, “I started about three years ago, because I’m a fashionable man. I know all the famous-brand garments and like to wear them. So why not sell them? I can wear them too.” He has three people working for him selling clothing on the internet. That includes me.

The goods come mainly from Zhenjiang or Qingdao. I am not familiar with the life of the factory, but I was told that it is dull work because they do the same thing every day. My boss says, “The cir-

cumstances are very bad. Twelve hours of working non-stop, no breaks, and very low salary. They make less than \$100 US a month normally. But I never think about it. It is as normal as the fact that the sun rises from the east. This is China, and the market rules.”

I sell brands like A Bathing Ape, Billionaire Boys Club, Red Monkey, 10 Deep, and LRG. I have been doing this for seven months now. I like it very much because I can communicate with various people from all over the world. At the same time I can make money. I earn more than \$1,300 a month! Most of our customers like our clothing very much because the quality is great and the price is good. I like the style myself. But most of the clothing is too big for me.

In my future, I think I will keep on selling goods on the internet. Not only the clothing but also other things special to China such as vegetables, fruit, and so on. There are many, many great items with top quality and amazing prices in China. The internet is a great tool. We should take advantage of it to do as many things as possible. AMEKO

CHINA WORLD

Jo san! Besides the fact that they will end up taking over the entire world in the 21st century, becoming a global superpower the likes of which we haven’t seen since the heydays of Rome or the British Empire, the Chinese also make a really nice fake Gucci bag. And the best part is, since they are everywhere, you can get counterfeit Chinese goods in almost any city in the world. In a way, fake Chinese goods are the great unifying factor in all of human culture right now. To prove this utterly obvious point, we traversed the globe talking to Chinese immigrants and people who sell bootleg Chinese goods. Prepare yourself for the future, *pangyau!*



Photo by Léo de Boisgisson

PARIS, FRANCE

Vice: Where are you from?

Shopkeeper [on the right]: From Liuzhou, a small town in Guangxi province, China.

How different is it from France?

It’s much cheaper in Guangxi, but there is more stuff to buy here. Liuzhou is really too small!

Do you like living here?

Yes. I like the climate here. It’s cooler than in China, especially in the summer.

What do you sell?

Mostly fantasy jewelry.

Sounds fancy. Are they real?

What do you mean? We are official wholesalers working for a Chinese exporter. Of course it’s real stuff!

OK, OK. Do you like the stuff you sell?

Yes, I do. I want to tell you, I am only an intern here. This won’t be my job forever. I am still in school.



Photo by Thilo Mischke

BERLIN, GERMANY

Berlin’s Chinatown is confined to massive indoor markets.

Vice: Where are you from?

Feng: I am from a little town near Shanghai. I have been living in Germany for six years. I’m 32 now.

What were you doing in China?

I was a trained nurse. I would also like to work as a nurse here, but my German is too bad. So now I sell designer fashion and jewelry.

Do you enjoy it?

It’s kind of boring to be honest.

How do you feel as a seller next to hundreds of salesmen from Asia who basically sell exactly the same stuff?

Well, you can imagine that there’s a lot of competition. We fight a lot and we deal with hard-core stress on a daily basis.



Photo by Ale Formenti

MILAN, ITALY

Vice: Where do you come from in China?

Jin Ruihong: Zhejiang, close to Shanghai.

How is it different there from here?

Everything is different. The culture, the people. We’ve been here for ten years now and there’s still a lot of difference, even within the Chinese community here. It’s a large community—people from all over China.

Do you like it here?

It’s so-so. Communication is the hardest thing. Many Chinese don’t speak Italian, and few Italians speak Chinese. And also there’s a bit of racism. Some Italians treat us nicely, but there’s still some racism.

What are you selling in this shop?

All things made in China. We import the goods and sell them. We have contacts with factories in China. We tell them what to make, they make it for us, then we import them and sell them in Italy. We mostly sell wool and silk scarves.

Do you like the items you’re selling?

Well, we use the products we sell. We wouldn’t sell them if we didn’t like them.

CHINA WORLD



Photo by Shin Tamura

YOKOHAMA, JAPAN

Yokohama has the largest Chinatown in Japan. It's really touristy. Since they opened the new Chinatown train station in 2004, the place is busier than ever. The cops have also cracked down on illegal deals in order to make it a safer place for the thousands of Japanese pouring in on the train.

Chinese people living in Japan are probably the cagiest group of humans in the world. Can you blame them? Ever hear of the Rape of Nanking? We wouldn't be getting over that too soon either.

But there is a yen or two to be made in selling fake Louis Vuitton wallets and belts in Yokohama, so the Chinese and their bootleg gear have come. That doesn't mean that anyone of them would speak to *Vice* though. We approached 100 percent of the shops there and got a 100-percent rejection rate (usually with lots of flapping arms and angry glares).

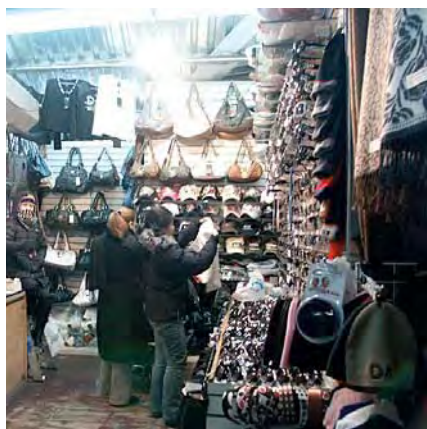


Photo by Rocco Castoro

NEW YORK, UNITED STATES

New York's actually got a couple of Chinatowns, but the main one, the one you see in movies and *Law & Order* and whathaveyou, is in Lower Manhattan around Canal Street. This Chinatown isn't only the biggest one in the country, but actually the largest enclave of Chinese anywhere in the Western Hemisphere (take that, Buenos Aires!). We figured its size would make it easy to track down a chatty vendor of bootleg goods, but after bouncing around from stall to stall for hours we discovered that while most shopkeepers have no qualms about ushering people who could very well be cops (they don't know) through trick doors into secret rooms full of \$45 Gucci knock-offs, they're a little more wary of scooping out the dish 'bout their trade. We eventually *c'mon*'ed a brother and sister who run a purse shop into gabbing, but they were so shy they wouldn't even tell us their names.

Vice: How do you decide which brands to carry?

Sister: People come and ask us, "Do you want this? This is the new style." They bring a magazine with all the different types. There might be one, two, or three different styles. We just pick the color we want.

Where are the wholesalers usually from?

Brother: Most of them are Asians. They're probably Japanese, maybe Korean. We never asked them though.

Do customers ask for specific brands?

Sister: If they like it, they just pick it up. If they don't like the price, we give them \$5 less—a discount price.

What's the difference between business here and China?

Brother: We have a life here. Even if we go back to China, we can't start anything.



Photo by Alex Sturrock

LONDON, UNITED KINGDOM

In London if you want to buy bootleg Chinese Gucci purses for £20 you should go to Dalston market, East London. When we popped in recently, the mere sight of us with a camera made the stallholders shit their pants. But when you're on the dole and carry more dodgy hand luggage than a transatlantic flight from Afghanistan, it's understandable that you wouldn't want a photographer snooping around. We eventually found one guy who was willing to speak to us, though.

Vice: Where are you from?

Vendor: Guinea in West Africa.

Do you like it here?

Yeah, I'm OK with it. It was very hard to settle when I first arrived. The people are friendly, but the problem is the language. We normally speak French, so in the beginning it was hard.

What are you selling?

Handbags, hats, gloves, and belts.

Are they real?

I think so, but I don't know. I just go to a wholesaler in Aldgate, and I buy it there from some Chinese people. They tell me it is real.

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BARCELONA, SPAIN

We ran around Chinatown in Barcelona and talked to a few people.

Photos by Boris Ripoll



Vice: Hi there. How old are you and where are you from?
Hong: I'm 17. I'm from a small town near Shanghai.

How long have you been here?
About three years.

How is China different from Spain?
People here have more freedom, and there are lots of things to do and buy. In China, young people have responsibilities.

I really like your hair.
Thanks. I actually help my family at our salon. It's fun.

Would you ever return to China?
I don't think so.



Vice: Hi. Where are you from?
Alex: Shanghai. I've been here many years now, so I've grown to like it.

What differences have you found?
Between Spain and China? Well, honestly they have a long way to go here. In big cities like Shanghai or Peking, things move faster and education is better. The Chinese people who come here have education, but the Spanish people don't realize it.

What do you sell?
As you can see, almost everything from stationery to kitchenware and gifts



Vice: Hola. How old are you and where are you from?
Jin: I am 31 and I am from a town called Wangton.

What do you think of Spain?
I don't know. I was a teacher in my country, and here I am a waitress.

Would you go back to China?
Yes, I miss my family. Wait, the owner of this place doesn't want me to talk to people. He gets mad.

OK, thanks for your time. Good luck.



Photo by Richie Rizzo

BUENOS AIRES, ARGENTINA

Vice: Hi.
Zariche: Hi.

Where are you from in China?
Taiwan. But after 20 years living here I feel more Argentine than Chinese. I very much prefer to be here.

What's so bad about China?
Everything is very fast there. Here everything is calmer. The times for food are even different there. In China, we have breakfast at 6 AM, and therefore dinner at 6 PM. At 10 PM everyone is sleeping. Imagine that!

So you sell food...
Yes, these are typical Chinese snacks... fast food.

Do you like what you sell?
Look, I don't know if I like it, but it reminds me of Taiwan.

VANCOUVER, CANADA

Vancouver's Chinatown is in the process of getting gentrified from a tragic, apocalyptic dump replete with junkies, hookers, homeless lunatics, and AIDS into a trendy yuppie land of expensive condos. So Chinese people have kind of moved on. In nearby Burnaby, there's a new all-Chinese complex called the Crystal Mall. It's like a tiny futuristic city full of designer knockoffs.

Grace is from Beijing. She sells "fashion for young people" part-time at a store called Designers Collection.

Vice: Where does your "designer" stuff come from?

Grace: Everything is made in China. And everyone is someone's uncle or cousin or sister, so everything is connected.

How do they get here?
A luxury brand will approach a factory to make a certain number of bags—say 100,000—that will retail for \$2,000 or more. The guy running the factory talks to his cousin, who works at an exporting company, and they decide to make an extra 50,000 bags. Someone calls their cousin who then calls another cousin and the next thing you know the bags are on the streets.

That's a lot of cousins.

The product passes through many hands. Hey, do you want to buy a Chloe bag? Very nice, only \$250.

Um, no thanks.



Photo by Hart Snider

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Photo by Nick Chen-Yin

TORONTO, CANADA

Even after frequent raids by the police, many Chinese vendors here have little concern for the law. The odds of getting busted are far lower than the amount of money they could be making selling burnt copies of *Pan's Labyrinth*. Some shops are “managed” by local triad members.

Vice: So how long have you been in Canada?

Jane: Four years. I lived in Shanghai till I was 14 and then moved here because life's better here than in China. I came by myself. My parents and grandparents are still in China. Sometimes I go back to Shanghai and visit my family and then go to the factories to look for things to sell in our store. In Shanghai they manufacture many imitations. You can get anything there. Any name brands, they got it.

And the Chinese government doesn't do anything?

No. They can't do anything because the factories will sell to street vendors who sell to other vendors then they sell to you. Get it? They don't know who to look for. There are too many people there to do anything—too many people making imitations. Besides, the Chinese government doesn't really care.



Photo by Dennis Duijnhouwer

AMSTERDAM, THE NETHERLANDS

Most Chinese immigrants in Amsterdam are involved in the restaurant business. But that doesn't mean you can't find Shanghai-manufactured bootleg clothes here. Enterprising Dutch kids buy stuff straight from China over the internet and then sell the counterfeits to their friends.

Filip [not his real name] is a 23-year-old student in Amsterdam. He makes about 1,200 euros a month selling fake stuff from China.

Vice: So what do you sell?

Filip: Sweaters, jeans, jackets, and caps by Bathing Ape, Billionaire Boys Club, Red Monkey, LRG, D-Squared, 10 Deep, and Artful Dodger.

And they're all fake?

No, they're replicas. I don't like to use the word “fake,” because they're made really well. The other day I heard that even satellites have “fake” Chinese parts in them. Nobody can tell the difference anymore. Same with my stuff.

Do you like the items you're selling?

I like some stuff. It depends. I don't like the unsubtle hip-hop gear. I like Bathing Ape. It's really original.

Where in China does your stuff come from?

I'd rather not say, as that might increase my competition. Once you know where the factory is, you can easily find my contacts.

Do you know what the people in the factory make?

Less than \$100 a month normally. Every factory in China is like that. That's where all the noneducated people end up. These factories produce textiles for the original brands, but then they make extra. They add things like zippers and buttons themselves. Then, sooner or later, other factories can make them too. The fake business is a sideline to the factories' legitimate work.

How much profit do you make?

I make 100-percent profit and I'm still 400-percent cheaper than the originals.

Who are your customers?

All kinds of people. I've got white high school hip-hop kids, young criminals on probation who take anger-management courses, a professional basketball player, kids who come with their moms... Basically anyone between 14 and 20.

How long will you keep doing this?

As long as new brands are getting designed and cool stuff is coming in, I don't see a problem. People here don't want to deal with Chinese people in English, which is what you have to speak to them if you don't know Chinese. So as long as people are lazy, I'll keep doing it.





A group of workers punch the clock at a resin factory in Guangdong, China. They have only just shuffled over from the factory dorms that they live in, which are right next door. Convenient, huh? Some of the bigger factories even have their own banking systems and supermarkets, as well as four-star hotels for visiting businessmen. Nobody ever has to leave the compound. It's kind of like Depression-era sharecropping, except it's NOW. Photo by Stacy Kranitz.



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The factory that these girls work in employs people to apply waterproofing resin to fabrics and other materials for several major US chain stores. In plain English, that means a highly toxic place to spend your really, really long shifts earning pennies a day. Photo by Stacy Kranitz.





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Illustration by Milano Chow

MALCOLM MCLAREN INVENTED EVERYTHING

The Vice Interview

Malcolm McLaren began to design clothes in the early 70s, after he quit art school. In 1971, along with his then girlfriend Vivienne Westwood, he opened a boutique called Let It Rock. They sold gear for teddy boys, rockers, and greasers. Boring.

But then Malcolm met the New York Dolls, saw a little glimpse of the future of music, and convinced them to hire him as their manager. He designed a whole new look for them featuring red leather and Soviet symbols, and it totally failed and the band went down in flames. It's become the popular punk party line to blame the Dolls' demise on McLaren, but we think the real reason is because they only had a few good songs and were almost all worthless fucking junkies.

On a trip to New York in the mid 70s, McLaren met Richard Hell. He tried to become his manager too, but Hell said no. So McLaren did the next best thing: Returned to London, changed his shop's name to SEX, and started selling Hell-inspired ripped t-shirts and bondage gear. Then came the Sex Pistols, blah blah blah, you should already know that part a thousand times over.

After the Pistols, McLaren founded Bow Wow Wow. Not only did

he get the ball rolling on world music influencing pop, but he also invented a look for 15-year-old Annabella Lwin (he called it pirate punk) that is still giving men titanium boners to this day. Adam and the Ants used the pirate-punk look too, of course, but they aren't giving anybody boners anymore.

Then McLaren got into rap, virtually introducing it to the UK with his *Duck Rock* album. He invented the buffalo gals look, which basically involved looking like an over-layered bag lady. Oh and he also stole the whole voguing thing from drag queens before Madonna did.

What this all amounts to is that Malcolm McLaren is at least partially responsible for every good idea from about 1970 onwards. The trickle-down from the fashion and music trends that he Svengali'ed is a part of almost everything that you like.

Vice met up with McLaren in Paris last month and he is one charming fucker—sweet as can be and hyperintelligent. He was dressed in blue jeans, a white shirt, an orange scarf, and a light brown overcoat. We ate at Au Bascou on rue Réaumur in the 3me. McLaren had sparkling Badoit water and a pork and cabbage stew.

Vice: Why did you get into the whole teddy-boy thing in the 70s?
Malcolm McLaren: I did it as an act of revolt against the hippies. I made myself a blue suit, copying the cover of an old Elvis Presley record, and I walked down the Kings Road to try and do something with my life. I wanted to be exploited but no cunt would even look at me! I was brought up in a family that worked in fashion and I had my art school hooligan imagination. The two came together and I set out to create antifashion.

So eventually, after weeks, I was stopped by an American guy dressed completely in black who pointed to a little hole in the road and invited me in there to sell clothes. It was 430 Kings Road and that's where I began to create the "art school look" for the street. My girlfriend at the time, Vivienne Westwood, had a kid by me. She was a schoolteacher and I had to look after the kid. I convinced her to leave her job and I bought a couple of sewing machines.

So what was your first shop like, exactly?

It was called Let It Rock, which I later changed to Too Fast To Live Too Young To Die. That part of the Kings Road was known internationally as the tastemaking, rock and roll capital of the world, so people like the New York Dolls were drawn to it, along with people like Iggy. It was in the era of kaftans and beads so I put a jukebox in there that blared out rock and roll constantly.

But when the shop got successful I couldn't bear it. I only liked it when it sold to the young and dangerous. When we sold to just anybody it became a commercial exercise. Whenever it started making money I closed it down. This would make Vivienne mad.

Can you explain your concept for the Dolls a little bit?

The idea behind the Dolls was to dress them in red patent leather and to debate the politics of boredom. I wrote a manifesto that was titled "Better Red than Dead." It was at the close of the Vietnam War and the Watergate scandal was soon to arise. The idea was to put a certain social and political commentary back into pop culture. That was the start of the stage that the Sex Pistols would later perform on.

It wasn't a very successful look for them, was it?

It was successful in the sense that it was a magnificent failure. I recall a journalist at the time, Lisa Robinson, rushing backstage, looking at the darlings of this demimonde of rock and roll and asking the question, pointedly, to Johnny Thunders, "Are you a communist?" His answer was simple and poignant. He said, "Yeah. You want to make anything of it?"

What made you want to open the store SEX?

I wanted to sell things that were normally sold in brown paper bags under the table. I tracked down manufacturers all over the UK... black rubber t-shirts, black rubber raincoats, tit clamps, and cock rings. We sold it all.

And the place looked like a sex shop?

People were terrified to come in. It was fantastic. At the very beginning, our clientele included the dirty-old-man brigade and a lot of them turned out to be famous politicians. One of them used to host the *News at Ten* and he would say to the girl in the shop, "Watch the news tonight because I'm going to be wearing rubber knickers!"

Then the kids started to come shop there.

Of course. They loved it because it was a new look and it was outlaw.

One of our main items were the erotic t-shirts. I used to bring them back from Christopher Street in New York. There was one shirt with a

big black man with his huge penis drooping down. They were very, very tight, so you'd be wearing it and his wonger would be dropping down below your belly button. It was perfectly placed. Some of the kids, by the time they'd walk down the length of Kings Road to Sloane Square, would be arrested. We were raided twice by the police and went to court, but I didn't give a damn. Everything got confiscated but we replaced it and all the kids thought, "This is the coolest place on earth."

Well then why did you close it down?

It was at the peak of the Sex Pistols' popularity. At the start, they appealed to the intellectually curious and the emotionally connected but then they became a fucking household name.

And that's no good.

So I opened up another shop called Seditious. I went to the war museum and got copies of photographs of the ruins of Dresden and blew them up and used them as wallpaper. Then I smashed a hole through the ceiling of the shop because I wanted it to look slightly derelict. I also had rats underneath the cash register, running back and forth. It was really fun.

And you had people like Boy George, Adam and the Ants, and Bow Wow Wow hanging out there asking you to make them a look, right? They were there, yes. What happened was, I was involved in a French independent record company called Barclay. On the side

they used to make porno movies and they wanted to get me to put some music to it. They said, "Don't fucking give us a hard time with any music that's copyrighted. Use African music or something."

I went up to the library at the Centre Pompidou in Paris and they had a big music collection. I fancied the girl there so I would go every day and look at her and listen to ethnic music. She played me one of these records, mistakenly, at the wrong

speed and it fucking blew my ear off. I thought, "What the fuck is that? It's a hell of a beat." So I took the idea back to London and I gave it to these kids who were called Adam and the Ants.

At the same time, Vivienne was diving into 18th-century fashion with these cheesy ball gowns and I said, "If you're going to do that, Vivienne, you're going to have to give it a label that kids will understand." Vivienne was like, "Fuck the kids! I want to sell to elegant women."

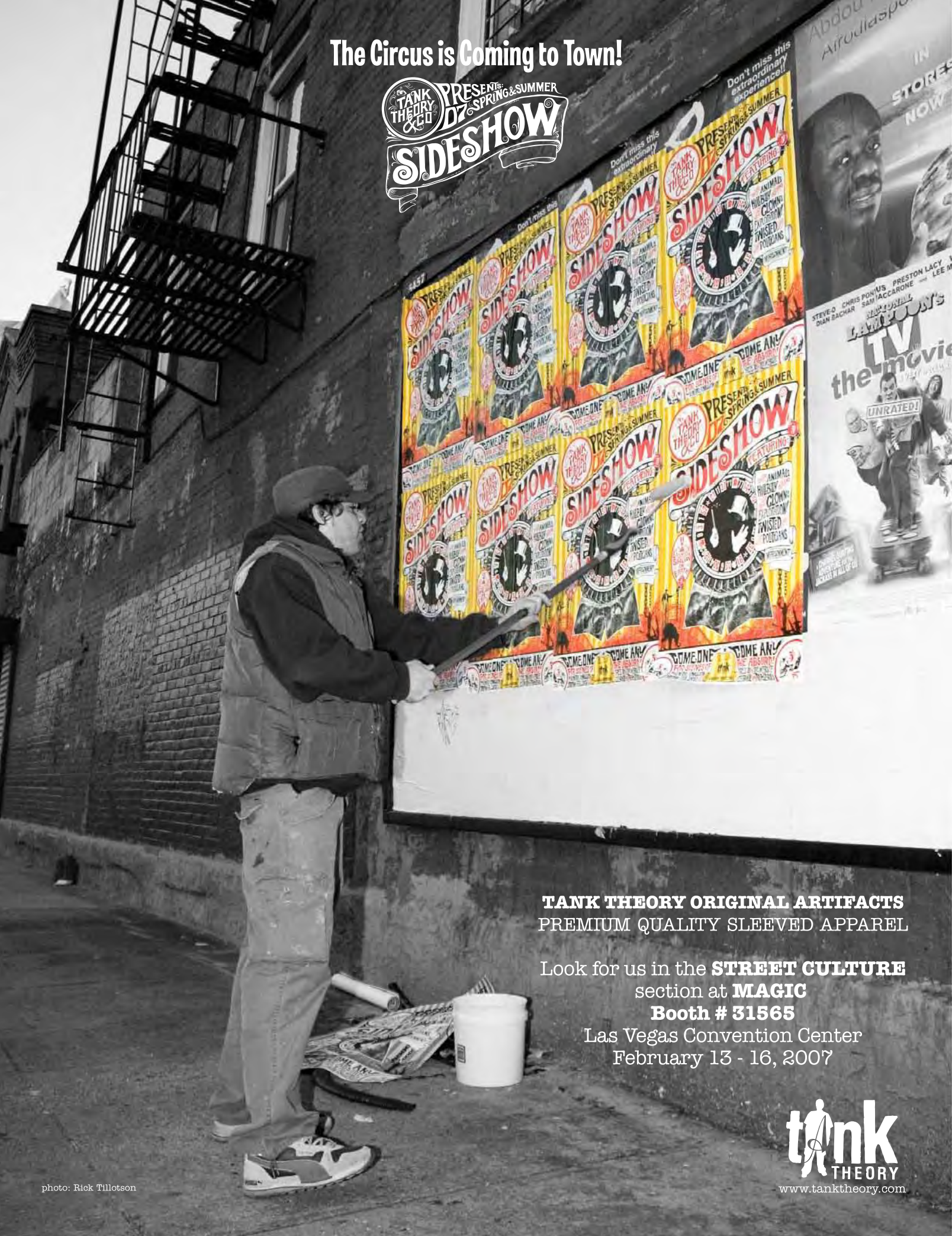
But we didn't have a shop like that. We had to stay in the pop culture. We had to label it somehow, so I came up with this idea of taking images of pirates from the 18th century so the kids could key into it. I needed a group that looked like pirates. I told the kids in the shop: "You've got to look like a pirate! You're not from this corny back alley of London anymore. You're from Zanzibar and that's going to give you license to play these drums that I'm now going to play to you that have this ethnic beat and you're going to look like pirates!" That's how Bow Wow Wow came about.

But why pirates?

At the time, a big news story was cassette players and the ghetto blaster and kids copying music off the radio. The record industry was trying to put a license on blank cassettes because kids were taping their own music. So it was all about piracy and my kids looked like pirates.

It was a perfect success so I said to Vivienne, "Let's take this fucking pirate look to the catwalk!"

Continued on pg. 126



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TOM WAITS

orphans

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- *Pitchfork.Com*

"...the one-of-a-kind Waits unleashes a dizzying and dazzling collection..." - *Harp*

"Mojo Instant Classic. [Waits] is the Rembrandt of modern music." ★★★★★ - *MOJO (UK)*

"...howling genius." - Top 10 for 2006

- *Newsweek*

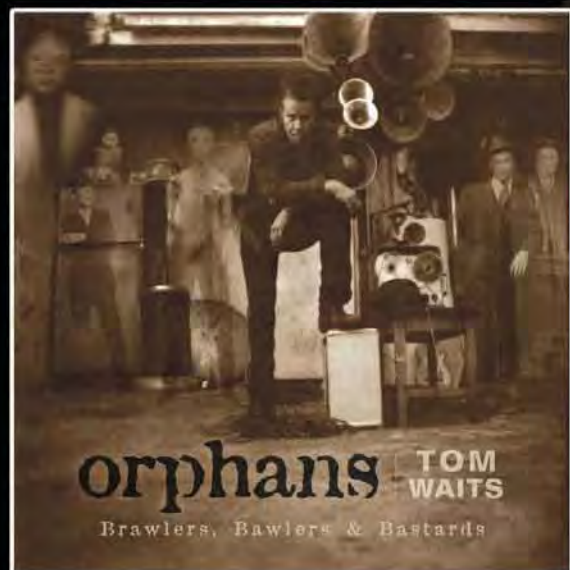
"...a fulfillment of the ideal Waits... This is one to salt away to sustain you through many winters of the soul." - Top 10 in 2006

- *LA Times*

"...songs that rank with his best work."

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Illustration by Milano Chow

JUERGEN TELLER DOES WHATEVER HE WANTS

The Vice Interview

Juergen Teller is, in large part, responsible for everything that you like about photography. He is a member of the holy trinity (along with Terry Richardson and Wolfgang Tillmans) that saved fashion photography from shittiness in the 1990s. Teller, totally unafraid to show humanity, ugliness, harshness, and humor in his photos, leavened the fashion-magazine standard of overblown sets and jacked-up, theatrical prom photos. His commercial work was, when it first appeared, a revelation.

But Teller blazed a trail which, unfortunately, was soon overrun by an unruly mob of jokers with battered Yashica T4 cameras and very little talent, and the mood and look that he and his contemporaries defined started to become a fashion- and portrait-photography cliché. Bright, bright flash? Check. Simple and "real" setting? Check. A general vibe of casual degradation or something like that? Check, check, check.

Teller, along with Richardson and Tillmans, avoided being overrun by their imitators with a novel and hard-to-duplicate strategy: They

entered the gallery and museum worlds and became really successful artists. At first, Teller made art out of the weird things he witnessed in the fashion world. His 1999 book *Go-Sees* was a photo parade of casual model castings, taken at his studio's front door in London. On the surface, it was just a bunch of girls. But what it really amounted to was one big portrait of all the different faces of pretty young women thrust into the fucking weird psychological space of making a living off their looks. Some were fun, some were awkward, some were creepy, and some were sublime. As Juergen Teller's artwork progressed, he started going back into his German heritage and made photos out of it, as attested to by his brilliant recent book *Nürnberg*.

In a seemingly inexhaustible stream of new books, new exhibitions, and good ideas, Teller has become one of the most recognizable art photographers in the world now. And he still does fashion photography when he feels like it. He just makes it into weird and beautiful art at the same time.

Vice: Do you like the fashion industry? I know that's a stupidly broad question, but I really want to know.

Juergen Teller: I do. For me it's very light and fun and exciting. Like, I'm excited about these boots I'm wearing. I can't wear the white, low-top Converse that I wore for 30 years anymore because they were hurting my feet and my lower back as I got older. So I'm wearing heels now. And I'm, like, really excited about it. These boots are transforming me. Suddenly I'm wearing a scarf and a Rolex watch and a jacket.

You're a changed man.

I'm just getting lighter about fashion. It's quite funny. But fashion, you know, it's a huge business. If you have the right attitude and don't take it too seriously, and if you can push the levels of commercialism, it can be fun.

What's the right attitude?

Well, I just want to do what I want to do.

That's pretty good. What kind of clothes do you like to wear the most? I've seen you a few times and you always have the most perfect worn-in old t-shirts on.

Actually, right now I'm smartening up a bit in my old age. *[laughs]* I'm really into these scarves from this old-fashioned British company called Turnbull and Asser. I have a cashmere scarf on right now. In orange!

Orange. That takes guts.

And I'm also getting into these Martin Margiela boots.

What are they, like motorcycle boots?

No, they're Chelsea boots.

Beatle boots. Those are so British. What did you dress like when you were a teenager?

It hasn't changed much. Back then it was still the washed-out t-shirts. I also wore quite a lot of pajama trousers.

That was like, a look that you wore out into the world?

Yeah. For years. I wore them to New York and everywhere. It sort of made sense at the time! *[laughs]*

As you got more involved in the fashion industry, did you start to appreciate design more? Did you start to pay attention to, I don't know, silhouettes and who was doing what kind of stitching this season or whatever?

I was never interested in that stuff. But I would notice a girl who would be wearing a certain specific thing, and then that would make me interested in watching the girl. You know?

For sure. You would notice the way someone wore something not so much as what they were wearing.

Right.

It seems like there was kind of a radical turn in your artwork around the early 2000s. All of a sudden, you were all over your own photos and you were often naked. And not just naked, but like NAKED... Naked at your father's grave, naked taking a shit in a snowy forest, and so on. These photos are pretty ballsy and people thought they were all kinds of things: Brave, funny... Stupid!

Yes, stupid too. Why did you start making these photos?

I got mentally—and maybe also physically—tired of photographing all these people, whether it was models or actors or musicians. It's quite draining to get involved in their psyches and work with them. I just thought, "Fucking hell, I can't do it anymore. I should just photograph myself."

Simple as that.

Yes. I think I also wanted to feel what it's like to be photographed—to look at myself the way I'd looked at other people. So I worked myself really hard.

What is it about taking someone's portrait that's draining?

You need to listen to them and analyze them and deal with each person. It can be done in a very short time or it can take a long time, but it's really quite draining to be involved with another human being and to get things out of them. It's also hard when there's vanity involved or when the photograph is really just going to be used to promote their product, like a film or a record.

Right, like a portrait for a magazine of a new band or a young actor...

And they just want to look young and airbrushed. It's not about how they might really look. That can be the most draining thing. But I more or less gave that up.

You're at a level where you can choose and reject assignments with no problem.

Now, when people ask to have their portrait done by me, they pretty much know what they're running into. But if it's a certain type of Hollywood actress asking me to photograph them, I say no. Or they know not to ask me anymore.

Maybe my favorite portrait you've taken is that one of Yves Saint Laurent where he looks really demonic.

He's very fragile looking though. I did a campaign for them ten years ago or so when he was still involved in the company, and I still work for them.

You must get offered a scary amount of commercial and editorial work.

A lot, yeah. Most of it I turn down. Sometimes there is something interesting in an offer, and then I might take it. Like I did Patti Smith for the *Observer*, and I'm traveling to L.A. soon to photograph David Lynch. I'm quite keen to do that.

That's a good one.

Yeah. So I don't really see it as commercial work when I do commercial work. I see it more like... Let's say somebody wants to do an independent film, right? They have to cast actresses and choose locations and all that. So I'm just using this stuff to create my own fantasies and dreams.

As if it were a movie you were putting together.

Like, for the new Marc Jacobs campaigns, I used William Eggleston. He's in his late 60s and he's a friend of mine. He's such a stylish man. I wanted to photograph him for these ads as much as I just wanted to hang out with him. And he wanted to meet the actress Charlotte Rampling, who was already in the ads I'd been shooting, so we all got together in Paris and she ended up being in the pictures too. So that's what I want to do. I just want to have a nice time, an interesting time.

The new women's campaign is starring...

Dakota Fanning.

What a crazy choice.

She was Marc's choice. I thought it was a really good idea. They had to shrink the clothes down to fit her.

When you're hired by Marc Jacobs to do a campaign, how does the creative process work?

There are always a couple of people we're thinking about who we'd like to use as models. I had wanted to use Charlotte, for example, for quite a while because I know her quite well.

Continued on pg. 126





This girl has taken a chubby friend, no tits, and about 30 bucks, and turned it into a funny sidekick, B cups, and her own clothing line.



While all the white people were getting Dalai Lamas and peace signs and other bullshit, you got a pre-Nazi swastika medallion which means you get to piss everyone off but retain all the good karma of being a hippie.



Oh hi, it's Charlie Goodvibes. The inventor of laughs, Fridays, perfect tits, finding money, and girlfriends that get along with everyone you like.



When all the gays are going balls-out, your best bet is to take it down to your gym clothes, get a small bag of hmm hmm, and let the people come to you.



Women are getting so predictable these days with their health regimens and their "natural" makeup and their skimpy clothes... Why is it so hard to find a real woman, someone who's willing to think outside the beauty box?



The fun thing about having a twin sister who is also a 10 is you can see how a totally different outfit would have worked on the same night. Then you can say, "Wow, even if I dressed like I was going to a sleepover at a mouse's house I'd look great."

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Ed Rec VOL.1
ED BANGER RECORDS

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This guy is like the dude from *Something Wicked This Way Comes*, only instead of tattoos of missing boys on his hands he simply has way too much time on his hands.



Who told punks they could wear shoes? You can't spend two hours on your hair, three days on your vest, buy \$100 bondage pants, and then slip into some comfy "trainers." Without at least 12 holes you're basically wearing a tuxedo and bare feet.



Incredibly poor kids have exactly the same lifestyle as incredibly rich kids. If Ashleigh wants another pony it will be there by dinner time. And if A.J. wants a patriotic monster-truck wagon, well, we didn't know those existed but sure, we'll have one here in an hour.



Who cares if the Dalai Lama is a self-indulgent bore who lived in a 1,000-room palace while his subjects starved? He said, "Love is nice" and "Being mean is bad" so I'm getting a tattoo.

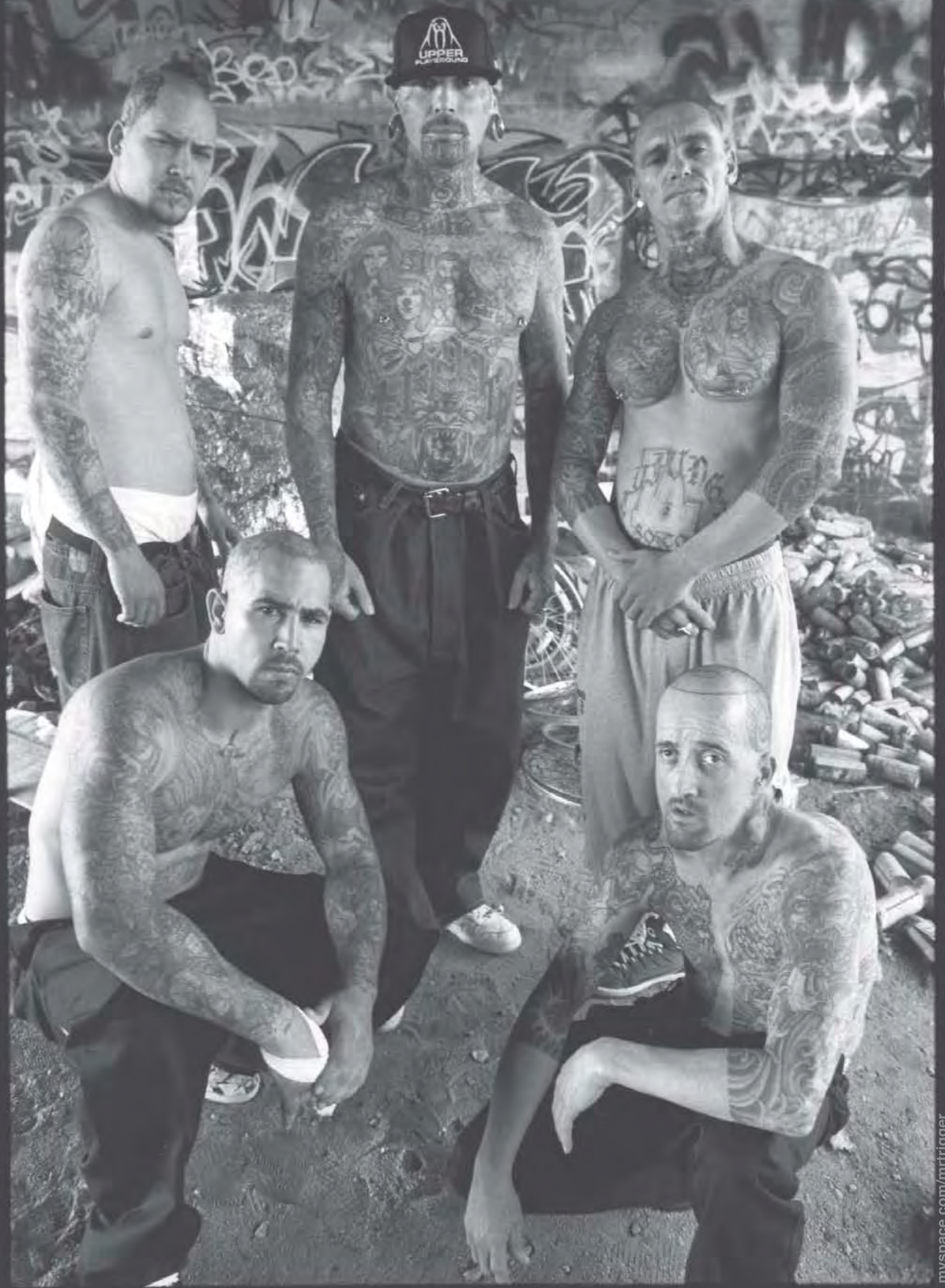


So, you're a fat fuckhead with glasses and you dig Eastern religion as much as you hate war. I know, dress as a Hawaiian Ganesha and hold a fucking peace sign out like any of us give a shit.



Like all little kids, this guy wants you to know his two favorite things are Saturday-morning cartoons and pretending to be a murderer.

Upper Playground Worldwide
Los Angeles, California
Photo by EstevanOriol.com
upperplayground.com



myspace.com/mrtrigger



We asked this guy to give us a “Message to the Aliens” for this TV thing we were doing and he said, “De aliens? Dey can go fuck themselves. We got enough problems on dis eart’ widout worrying about people from anotha moon!”



Why is your A&R guy a mountain climber that plays electric guitar? Eh? Why can’t they all look like these guys?



There’s two types of girls in the world. The ones that spend hundreds of dollars on fashion magazines and the ones that cut their hair like they’re a little boy during prohibition.



This guy looks like he’s in that band Scum of the Earth from the *WKRP in Cincinnati* punk episode.



You ever seen that movie *Whole* where people want to have their limbs amputated? That shit must make real amputees feel like OGs.



Is it weird if I want them to have a kid so I can have sex with it in 18 years?

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You can laugh from a distance at his Catskills mom-pimp look all you want but without seeing the accompanying "I need to make a pee-pee" little crouch-dance he was doing, you haven't really lived.



A dog's two favorite meals are his balls and his shit. Drunk lesbians that want to French aren't even in the top ten.



"Yeah, well I'm sitting here now. What the fuck are you going to do about it?"

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ONE GIRL, SIX WAYS



Freaks studded belt, Tripp NYC mesh tank top, shorts, and black bracelet

PHOTOS: Richard Kern STYLING: Rachel Gilman HAIR: Gerald DeCock
MAKEUP: Jillian Chaitin MODEL: Amber Milam courtesy of Supreme



Phillipe and David Blond halter top and shorts, McGinn Knightsbridge belt, Diesel purse, Jimmy Crystal watch and sunglasses, RJ Graziano ring, Andrew Hamilton Crawford necklace



Screaming Mimi's shirt, Tucson Thrift Shop t-shirt, American Apparel shorts, purse from Beacon's Closet



Samantha Treacy blazer, APC blouse and shorts, RJ Graziano necklace



Lauren Wolf necklace, Andrew Hamilton Crawford earrings, Lyell shrug, blouse, and skirt



Anne et Valentin eyeglasses, Samantha Pleet dress, Nooka watch

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VICE FASHION

Fred Perry jacket

BRAND NEW SKIN

PHOTOS: Gavin Watson
STYLING: Aldene Johnson
ASSISTANT: John McDonnell

When he was 13 years old, Gavin Watson got his hands on a Nikon FM2 and started taking pictures of his brothers and his friends mucking about. These photos later turned into a book called *Skins*, which is arguably one of the best and most important books about youth fashion and culture ever published.

If you don't know it, sucks for you. Just ask your local fashion photographer or hot young art snapper. Guaranteed they've ripped it off (or as we say in the biz, "paid it homage").

We've always loved Watson's photos and would often gaze out the window going, "This guy is amazing and he hasn't shot anything for years. Maybe we should track him down and see if he'll shoot something new for us."

After about five years of doing that, we pulled our thumb out of our ass and we rang him up.

Vice: So Gavin, what have you been doing since *Skins*?

Gavin Watson: The last eight years I've been in the pub. Thankfully I'm out of it now.

Anything else?

I suppose I've been taking pictures of any fucker that would hire me... Punk weddings, punk album covers, covering the UK rap scene, having the odd exhibition here and there. Um... Once I drove to Sicily in a Renault 5 with no tools and no spare tires and a tent with no poles and a grand in a housing-benefit envelope.

Sounds weird.

It was. Generally though, I've been doing what I've been doing since I was 13, just taking photographs of my daily trials and tribulations.

What are the pictures of here?

They're of some kids that do grime music in East and North London. I decided to do it because they remind me a bit of the same spirit we had back when we were young.

VICE STAFF



Fred Perry shirt



Levi's jacket, Lonsdale shirt



Stone Island jacket

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BIKINI ATOLL



L. Space bikini

PHOTOS: Roe Ethridge MAKEUP: Anna Bernabe for Tarte Cosmetics at Factory Downtown
MODELS: Monique and Camilla courtesy of Ford Models



Paul Frank bikini



(l-r): H&M swimsuit; American Apparel swimsuit



L. Space bikini



Paul Frank bikini

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Abstrakt Blak, is the first of many volumes to come from keyboard prodigy MARC CARY (Stefon Harris, Lauren Hill, Abbey Lincoln...) and Emcee/Producer Shon 'CHANCE' Miller. They describe this music as a soundscape for the New Harlem Renaissance. Features the poem "Dream Deferred" by Langston Hughes.



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BANDS OF NYC

PHOTOS: MARTYNKA WAWRZYNIAK

THE VIRGINS



Shot in Economy Candy Market on Rivington Street in Lower Manhattan

(l-r): Erik Ratensperger, Uniqlo shirt, Fremont sweater, Levi's jeans; Wade Oates, APC jeans, aNYthing socks, Converse shoes; Donald Cumming, Lacoste sweater, WESC jeans; Nick Ackerman, Levi's jeans

We think they would be better named Band of Babes, but whatever. The Virgins have been together for all of 20 minutes and yet have already managed to tour Europe, open for Patti Smith, sign to a major label, and get their genteel young faces all over the "blogosphere." All of this, believe it or not, is well deserved. The Virgins play lovely poppy gems in which you can find equal measures of Pavement and Squeeze. We're jealous of their future, basically.



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EXCEPTER



(l-r): Jon Nicholson, Claw Money sunglasses, Surface 2 Air shirt; Dan Houglan, Lacoste shirt, Stussy jacket; Nathan Corbin, Ben Sherman shirt, Le Tigre hoodie; John Fell Ryan, Gap shirt, Stussy jacket

Excepter are from the same circle of New York musicians as Gang Gang Dance and Animal Collective, but they take a lot more ecstasy and they are kind of techno. Now, listen, countless worthless music critics like to talk about how techno is really, really important... But come on. Most of it's shit. It's when it's taken to a dark and wonderful place, like the way Excepter does, that the techno thing gets good. Throw in a bit of Popol Vuh, a little touch of what the Butthole Surfers were like live when they were scary, and you're getting close to what Excepter is: Pretty fucking awesome.

SOILED MATTRESS AND THE SPRINGS



(l-r): Matthew Thurber, Stussy jacket, Melvin's Pot jeans; Peter Schuette, American Apparel t-shirt, Calvin Klein sweater, Evisu jeans; Avi Cohen, Cockpit shirt, DKNY jacket, Surface 2 Air jeans

Soiled Mattress and the Springs play jazz. Seriously. And it isn't free-jazz wankery that anyone with ADD can at least convincingly fake. These three guys play honest-to-goodness jazz using drums, sax, and an organ. "But wait," you're saying, "jazz sucks." Yes, it does—when it's full of noodly meanderings and unnecessary tempo changes. But when it's solo-free and chock-a-block with genuine riffs, sunny vibes, and soulful, effortless playing, it's great. And that's what Soiled Mattress and the Springs are. Fuck, we like jazz again.

OUT 02.20.2007

Luxury finds the quartet mixing textures and stepping away from the typical guitar, bass, drums set up to incorporate more electronic ambiance into their musical mix.

OUT 02.06.2007

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From left to right: Kate Nash, Jack Penate, Lou Hayter, New Young Pony Club, Klaxons, Man Like Me

LONDON’S AGLOW

The Sun Shines on the UK (For Once)

PHOTOS: GUY STEPHENS STYLING: NOVA DANDO ASSISTANT: PEGAH FARAHMAND

Two years ago, the East London music scene was made up of a right bunch of fucking cunts who were all into smoking crack doon the Rhythm Factory in Whitechapel and awl. They wore string vests and trilby hats and played banjos on stage. It sounded like Lonnie Donegan covering the Clash really badly. The NME coined it the “London’s Burning” scene and it all ended pretty much before it started—at a disastrous photo shoot at Buckingham Palace with Martin from Selfish Cunt wrestling in horseshit with the only talented guy in the bunch: Pete Doherty.

These days all those bands are either dead or back working at Virgin Megastore. Mainly, they’ve been wiped out of memory by a new wave of offbeat, psychedelic, punk/new wave groups that dress like ADD toddlers given \$10,000 to spend in a boutique filled with the weirdest outfits from the last 50 years of musical fashion.

Here’s who they are:

KLAXONS No joke. These guys have just made one of the most original and exciting pop records of the last ten years. When they first started playing gigs, they’d be daubed in fluoro paint and wearing shirts by East London cult designer Cassette Player. They’ve toned that down a bit now ever since the *NME* started calling them “the leaders of the new-rave movement,” and every Klaxons review ever written mentioned the word “glowsticks.”
Key song: “Gravity’s Rainbow”

JACK PENATE Jack’s a rare breed in that he’s a new British singer-songwriter that doesn’t sound like Coldplay crying into a dead dog’s asshole. Instead he makes music that’s kind of like a “sensitive” version of the Jam. He looks like a *Peanuts* character who got zapped into an anime version of *Oliver Twist*. New Era just made a Jack Penate signature cap as well. Weird.
Key song: “Second Minute or Hour”

KATE NASH She looks like she’s going to be another Joanna Newsom elf but she sounds like Hazel O’Connor doing minimalist pop with acoustic guitars. Really odd sounding but very cute. Metronomy just did a single with her, and Lily Allen can’t stop raving about how

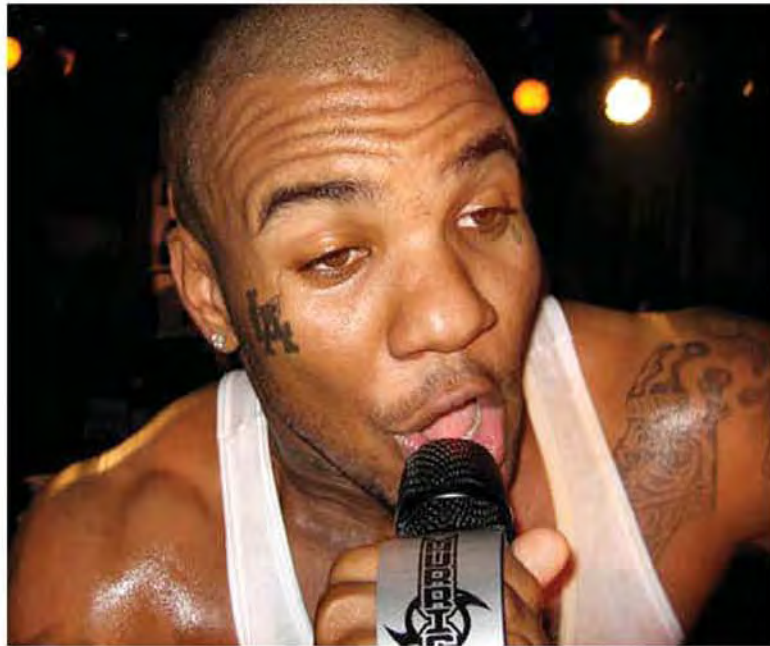
“facking amazing” she is whenever she’s interviewed.
Key song: “Caroline’s a Victim”

MAN LIKE ME Man Like Me is 21-year-old Johnny Langer, whose dad, Clive, worked on records like *Bona Drag* by Morrissey and *One Step Beyond* by Madness. He makes odd, psychedelic dance-pop that sounds like some grime kids did a load of acid and went crazy in a store that sells casual sportswear to people who burgle your house for drug money.
Key song: “Oh My Gosh”

LOU HAYTER Lou’s 26 and plays keyboards in a band called New Young Pony Club. In the next couple of months she’s self-releasing a single called “It Doesn’t Work Like That” with a backing band/production team called the New Sins. She’s mastering it at Trevor Horn’s studio. That’s the guy who did all the Frankie Goes To Hollywood’s hits and wrote “Video Killed the Radio Star.” Pretty much everybody in London has a crush on her.
Key song: “It Doesn’t Work Like That”
COMPILED BY VICE UK

JACK PENATE	KATE NASH	JAMES RIGHTON	JAMIE REYNOLDS	SIMON TAYLOR	LOU HAYTER	JOHNNY MAN LIKE ME
Antipodium shirt	Beyond Retro dress	G Star t-shirt	American Apparel vest	Ashish jacket	American Apparel dress	Fred Perry t-shirt
Lee jeans	Topshop tights and jacket	Ashish jacket	Unconditional top	Cheap Mondays jeans	Topshop tights	Levis jeans
Topman socks		Cheap Mondays jeans	Edwin jeans	Swear shoes	Swear shoes	Reebok Classics shoes
Nike shoes		Buddhahood shoes	Paul Smith socks		Beyond Retro belt	Firetrap sweater
J. Lindeberg jacket						

Crackers are
such biters.



Meet little Rebecca Newton.
Her interests are: The Wire, Source
Magazine, Don Diva DVDs, vintage
dancehall, deleted scenes from New
Jack City, The Honorable Elijah
Muhammad, and riding on niggas.



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GROSS JAR



GROSS FASHION

Bidding the Jar Adieu

It may not be the easiest thing for an outsider to wrap their brain around, but somewhere in the course of filling it with whatever manner of filth we could get our hands on and marveling at the stomach-wrenching results, the Gross Jar went from being a simple experiment in freeform biology to becoming a close part of the *Vice* family. We beamed with quiet parental pride at every bout of heaves our little buddy provoked, and fretted anxiously for its welfare whenever the weather outside turned sour. In return for all of our care and concern, we were rewarded with two full, life-affirming years of complete and utter putrescence.

You can imagine how hard it was for us to accept the fact that this happiness would someday have to end, but over the past few months we began to see the signs that the Gross Jar was slowly coming to

the close of its golden years. Its thick, chestnut-tinted stew thinned and faded with age, and the musk whose foulness we thought would keep on growing forever eventually plateaued and settled into a stable maturity, like when you're mixing different types of booze and it hits that point where no matter what you add it just tastes like rubbing alcohol.

We decided that in keeping with the spirit of the Jar, rather than mourn its passing we should celebrate the joy it brought into our lives by sharing it with the rest of the world. And so we are proud to introduce, just in time for spring, a line of t-shirts tie-dyed in the bowels of the Gross Jar so that you can carry its repugnant essence encrusted on your body wherever you may go.

VICE STAFF



Tie-dyeing with a Gross Jar is easy and fun (sort of). Step one: Empty your jar into a wide-mouthed bowl or Tupperware.



Next take a t-shirt tied up with rubber bands and dunk it in the juice until it's good and soaked.



Give the stains a couple of hours to set, then pop off the rubber bands (be careful they don't snap and flick little hunks of filth into your face like ours did).



And voilà. You've got a shirt completely unsuitable to be worn anywhere near other people or drinking water.

REVULSION RETROSPECTIVE

While clearing out the Gross Jar's layers of accumulated muck made us all a little misty, it did give us a chance to finally see our little buddy from the inside out and revisit all those special ingredients which went to make its vileness so magical and unique. Join us as we traipse down memory lane, checking in on our favorite deposits and seeing where they are today!

Raw chicken, facial scabbing, skim milk, flu spit, chicken blood, piss, and eggs: The inaugural load—these ingredients melted together pretty rapidly to form the base stew, even eating completely through an uncracked egg to welcome it into the mix. As our excavation neared the bottom though, we unearthed what we're pretty sure was a small remnant of the chicken meat. Either that or some sort of stillborn ultra-amoebea.

Jizz: For all its staying power on old socks and towels, our ejaculate faded into the woodwork of the mother load in just a matter of days, adding only slightly to the Jar-brew's increasingly gelatinous consistency.

Shit: Rounding out the basic excretions, this hearty little turdling set off the Jar's transition from milky pink to rich, septic brown. Its contribution to the Jar's tangy bouquet also resulted in our friend's banishment from the office to its rooftop nest.

Rat: The biggest fear we faced in plunging our gloved fingers into the Jar's murky depths was pulling them back out wedged inside the rib cage of a skeletal half-rat. Fortunately for our continued sanity, the digestive prowess of the sludge completely consumed every last trace of this little guy, right down to his little rat skull. You heard that right: The Jar disintegrated an entire rat, skeleton and all.

Used tampon: After bobbing daintily at the surface for a couple weeks secreting its womanly essence unto the brine, this generous donation from one of our staffer's GFs settled to the bottom and swelled into a spongy clump of thread. It plopped out onto the rooftop while we were dunking one of the shirts with string intact, eliciting the bemusement and nausea of all parties present.

Vomit, baby pigeon, tapeworm, liver fluke, lamprey, and girl's tooth: Entered at what we believe to be the peak of the Jar's momentum, each of these deposits dissipated completely into the muck by the next round of additions.

Brewer's yeast: We originally thought this payload was a failure for not blossoming into some kind of foamy garbage-monster, but looking back it was at this point that the Jar's aeration first achieved the strength to break lose of the sealed lid. So maybe we owe it a little more credit.

Triclops!

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"9 OUT OF 10" - NME

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Photos by Thalia Mavros

Cockroaches, cow eyeball, and testicle casings: While the eye and nutskins went the way of their forerunners with relative haste, you can imagine our elation when upon upending the Jar at the end of our shirtmaking, BOTH of our cockroaches's bodies came tumbling out a little spongy, but otherwise no worse for wear. We'd always written off that old acorn about roaches and the apocalypse as hyperbole, but consider this our conversion.

Pitbull scab: Warranting only passing mention in the magazine, this dog-fighting souvenir more or less just served to tide the Jar over between main courses.

Dreadlock, ear wax, pus-encrusted Band-Aid: The hippie trifecta—of no less surprise than the survival of the roaches was pulling out the second t-shirt and finding the majority of the dreadlock clinging to its sleeve. It looked like each end had been frayed down a good inch or so, but the middle of the stalk was still holding strong. This is on par with when they found that 150-year-old poison in Napoleon's hair.

Radioactive cat shit: Lost at the time amid editorial shuffling, we're pleased to finally report that one of our friends took their cat in to get radioiodine ablation for its thyroid then let us take one of its gamma-ray-enriched turds (which made one of our staffer's hand tingle through rubber gloves) and mate it with the Jar.

Toxic soil: Feeling bad for keeping it cooped up on the roof for so long, we decided to give the Jar a proper summer vacation and took it road-tripping upstate to Niagara Falls' famed Love Canal neighborhood, the Daytona Beach of environmental-disaster sites. Sadly no flipper-babies resulted from its feast of contaminated dirt, but the Jar did score a fetching new hat.



SPONSORS' CORNER

If you've ever had to work with noxious chemicals or in a Japanese restaurant, you know how much of a chore it can be to get the smell of work off your hands come quittin' time. Dealing with one of the most rank and heave-inducing substances known to man, we at *Vice* are grateful to the fine people at Nancy Boy for their line of high-quality, all-natural bath and body-care products which make the process of post-Gross Jar deodorizing quick and easy. Their tea-rose-scented Body Bar cuts through the hellish stench of rotten flesh and bodily excretions in half the scrubbing time of ordinary soaps, and without leaving our delicate hands all cracked and dry. And after a hard day of feeding the Jar's opprobrium and suppressing our gag reflexes, we can think of no better way to unwind than to lay out a gender-normative balance of Nancy Boy Butch and Fem Parfums around some tea candles, draw a hot bath with some Dr. Hauschka Holistic Lavender, sprinkle a generous handful of Nancy Boy Citrus Bath Salts in the tub, lather ourselves in a silky, peppermint-infused film of Nancy Boy Invigorating Body Wash, and let all our cares and fears of contagion melt into a dazzling rainbow cascade of candy-coated oblivion.

Of course, sometimes our hectic schedules don't allow us to indulge in such pampering. In times like those we find it no less refreshing to scorch away the top few layers of skin with a splash of Lye and mask up with a liberal misting of Christophe Street fragrance, made by the sister of acclaimed New York leather daddy Christophe Andre. It's like being gangbanged by luxury, but in a fraction of the time.

Go to viceland.com for more pictures as well as video of the shirt-making and fashion shoot.

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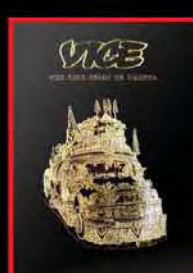
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Photo by the author



Fashionistas 2
Evilangel.com
Dir: John Stagliano
Rating: 10

Let me just start by telling you that *Fashionistas* has already been made into a full-scale Las Vegas production that's been running since 2004 at the Aladdin, so you can go ahead and cross that idea off your to-do list. I have no idea what the show is like (believe it or not, it's garnered rave reviews), but I'd like to think that it's just a bunch of people on stage humping for two hours like the live sex shows in Amsterdam. I'm not big on the Vegas show experience. I took my wife to one because there was a promise of tits and fell asleep 20 minutes in. The few times I woke up I thought I was having a nightmare. The tits on stage were more like udders, pulling the 50-year-old frames they were connected to toward the floor. I asked my lady if we had entered the wrong theater and accidentally walked into a poor remake of Disney's *Hunchback of Notre Dame*. I gave Vegas a second chance because my wife wanted to see one of those Circus de Olay plays where even the nosebleeds are \$200 a pop. I insist on only the best for my wife, so we were nowhere near the nosebleeds. To put it bluntly, I could have hired a dozen hookers for the price of our two seats.

Tom Cruise and his new wife were seated right behind us and I bet he was thinking the same thing. Do aliens think about hookers? Yeah, so I fell asleep during that show too. It happened to be the one where the whole stage was a swimming pool. The main character, some Rocky Dennis-looking dickhead, must have taken my snoring as an insult and threw a bucket of cold water on me. And oh how the crowd laughed. Even good ol' Tom Cruise laughed. I think that hurt most of all. I'm not a big Tom Cruise fan, but I'm not a hater either. I kind of enjoy that he's out of his mind—it finally makes him somewhat interesting. What I love most of all is that he was brave enough to take the role of Brian Flanagan, a fiery bartender with magic hands, in the 80s classic *Cocktail*. I think we can all agree that *Cocktail* may be one of the best-written films in history. What other film can say it has milked the premise of "So there's this bartender, right? And he can flip bottles, OK?" for 103 minutes, go nowhere, say nothing, and still steal the hearts of Americans young and old? Only *Cocktail*. Naturally you can understand how much it would pain me to be mocked by the very character I respected so much. I stood up, waved my arms frantically like a conductor, and the auditorium went silent. Instead of jumping on the stage and biting off the nose of the mutant who doused me, I turned to Tom. I pointed my finger at him and said, "Listen, young Flanagan, workers never hustle and hustlers never work. You, my friend, are a worker. So fuck off!" as I allowed myself to piss through my soaking wet pants and onto the floor around me.

CHRIS NIERATKO

For more Chris go to Chrisnieratko.com or NJskateshop.com.



RAP



NAS
Hip Hop Is Dead
Def Jam

☞ You can never tell with a Nas album. One track comes out then doesn't end up on the record, the title changes three times, the release date gets pushed back, no one's really sure what the single is... Everything about the dude is just random and flaky. So nobody knew what to expect from Esco's Def Jam debut. Turns out it's his best album since *Stillmatic*. One thing that never fails with Nas is that his beats are always shit. But for some reason he's ascended to new lyrical heights this time around. I mean, dude's talking about chicks "spreading that asshole open like a widemouth bass." What's he thinking? Check out the description of old-school legends in "Carry on Tradition": "Some rap pioneers be them crackheads/ when they speak you see missing teeth/ silver chain with a silver piece/ niggas your grandfather's age/ their pants still hanging down their leg talking 'bout they ain't paid." He forgot to mention the Zubaz, but that's picture-perfect!
DAVID DASH



FAT JOE
Me, Myself, & I
Imperial

☞ "Make It Rain." What a song. Have you heard the whole album? Me neither. What's up with that?
SMUTTY RUFF



GHOSTFACE KILLAH
More Fish
Def Jam

☞ Ghost started last year off with a terrific album that went double wood.

BEST ALBUM OF THE MONTH:
CHEESEBURGER

So what do you do? End the year off with another album. *More Fish* is a hastily put-together collection of half-assed songs showcasing the talents of everyone from Ghost's hypeman to his son. But dude is so funky that even this collection of tax write-offs contains gems like the MF Doom-produced "Alex" or "Out of Town Shit," where Tony Starks states: "Yo, I'm six-foot-two-and-a-half/ with shoes on make it three even." I mean, the guy named a song "Miguel Sanchez." He could do this in his sleep.
BUSTA NUT



PROJECT PAT
Crook by Da Book: The Fed Story
Hypnotize Minds

☞ Lord knows we at *Vice* are massive Project Pat fans. He's the Billy Preston of Three 6 Mafia. If you haven't heard *Ghetty Green* and *Mista Don't Play* I don't even see how we can have a conversation. Homeboy went to jail and then jumped on the "Poppin My Collar" remix with the rhyme of the year. Then he dropped this album, which falls a little short. I think DJ Paul and Juicy J kept all the bangers for themselves, yo. You're better off reading the allhiphop.com interview where Pat explains what a humbug is.
MACHO

ELECTRONIC



TRITON
Opening Storm-Clouds
Self-released

☞ So it's not cool for a band to flash their wieners on stage or for Howard Stern to say the d-word, but it's perfectly fine for this French techno guy to make me think he's a pretty good Japanese spazz band from the 90s that just got back together? Thanks a bunch, the government.
MISTER RIBBER



BAJA
Maps/ Systemalheur
Still

☞ I'm starting to think that the whole crate-digging thing was never so much due to there being all this amazing techno out there just under the radar as due to the fact that the vast majority of records are right at that threshold level of sucking where you're like "Well, maybe I'll start liking it" and wind up stuffed in walls of near-identically forgettable tunes like that Indiana Jones warehouse while you go off to add another layer or two to the crapstack.
BILL KRANTZ



NINE HORSES
Money for All
Samadhi

☞ You'd think with folks from a band like Japan where being gay was sort of the point you'd be able to withstand the test of time better than all the hetero counterparts, but, as much as it pains me to say it, this is some of the straightest shit I've ever had to listen to.
ANAL NITRATE

HARD STUFF



SINCE THE FLOOD
No Compromise
Metal Blade

☞ I checked out Since the Flood's MySpace page and learned the following: They are five unhappy-looking guys who love wearing black t-shirts of other bands also made up of unhappy guys in black t-shirts. They pose for LOTS of band photos and seem very proud of their tattoos (the singer has tricep ink of the band Blood for Blood, cited as an "influence"). Some songs have titles like "Strength," "No Compromise," and "I Am Revenge." The band



JESSE "THE DEVIL" HUGHES: FRONT MAN EAGLES OF DEATH METAL

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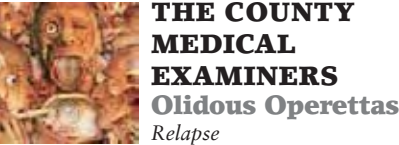


is headquartered in New England and favors a stylized, “distressed” font for their logo. Finally, they each shop at Banana Republic and are 100 percent gay. Now you have all the info you need about Since the Flood. DAN O’BALONEY



CHEESEBURGER S/T
Kemado

It’s been a while since I’ve been able to whole-heartedly get behind a band or record. There’s always that one acoustic tune or the one guy in the band who wears a scarf inside or whatever that keeps you from really championing them. This is simply a few guys who hang out at Greenpoint Tavern, slow-dance with the owner, and occasionally stumble down the street to write rock songs. Record of the year so far. HOT ROD WILLIAMS



THE COUNTY MEDICAL EXAMINERS
Olidious Operettas
Relapse

Wow, this sounds so much like Carcass! It kind of reminds me of this other band who sounded like Carcass... They were called CARCASS. Now, if only that band had made a record too... Oh wait, turns out they made a bunch! OK, so, that takes care of that. DR. OBVIOUS



LOVE ME DESTROYER
The Things Around Us Burn
Suburban Home

After just half a song I can describe what this band looks like, what its fans look like, what the merch consists of, who they play with, what they claim their influences are, what their influences actually are, where they live, what their parents do for a living, how long they will be around, and what each of their next crappy bands will

WORST ALBUM OF THE MONTH: HELLA

sound like. The best way I can describe all of these things is as a cross between Hot Water Music and having an entire suburban shopping mall shoved straight up your ass. DICK TARD



THE DARVOCETS
...Have Landed
Gloom

You know, some of my best friends are Reptoids and I honestly have no problem with them. I mean, it’s totally raging that they can pull off that whole Weirdos/Dickies style and still make it sound timeless. But come on, some people just might not appreciate being called “scum,” “inferior,” a “clone,” and a “dummy” within the first 60 seconds of the disc. Why so rude? Call me racist but this is why most people don’t trust Reptoids or want to live around them. It’s like my grandpa used to say: Either be polite or fuck off back to Darvon. FUSSY IN FRESNO



THE VOCOKESH
...All This and Hieronymus Bosch
Strange Attractors

Could we maybe take it down a notch, Dad? I know Friday’s “Groove Night” and all, but I’ve got the ACT tomorrow. CORY STARDKINS



TOTAL CHAOS
Freedom Kills
S.O.S.

Look at the cover: It’s the STATUE OF LIBERTY with a SKULL FACE standing in front of a MUSHROOM CLOUD and holding up some kind of BOMB. Is that SUBTLE enough for you? If this sounds TOTALLY AWESOME, you are either 12 YEARS OLD or DEVELOPMENTALLY DISABLED, which is OK either way. However, the dudes in Total Chaos are

ABOUT 40 YEARS OLD and need to GET A JOB instead of dressing up like CIRCUS CLOWNS and RAPING LITTLE KIDS. Figuratively speaking (one assumes). SHITTY BABY’S REVENGE



LEFTOVER CRACK/ CITIZEN FISH
Baby Punchers/ Meltdown split 7"
Fat Wreck Chords

This record was so shitty that I had to take a dump on my turntable to kill the smell. Then I tried to throw it away but my garbage can vomited. Finally I gave it to a retarded kid, but he looked at me and said, “Leftover Crack? Dude, come on, I’m not THAT retarded!” Luckily he sold it for three bucks on eBay to someone who obviously is. ARTIE PHILIE



DEERHUNTER
Cryptograms
Kranky

Considering that most of the English midlands is one big carnival of rural idiocy, it kind of makes sense that the American version of Spacemen 3 would crop up somewhere like the toothless South. Maybe five years from now rednecks will be all E’d out (they’ve already got the early-punk junkie/speed-freak thing down) and have bowl cuts and trade in their super-trucks for bikes they can cruise around on while tripping. Or maybe there’ll just be more child killings. GUY LAREDO



CALL ME LIGHTNING
Soft Skeletons
French Kiss

So that’s it? Almost a century of recorded music, and the best you can offer me in 2007 is some mind-blowingly average midtempo Wonderbread rehash of some old Drive Like Jehu riffs?



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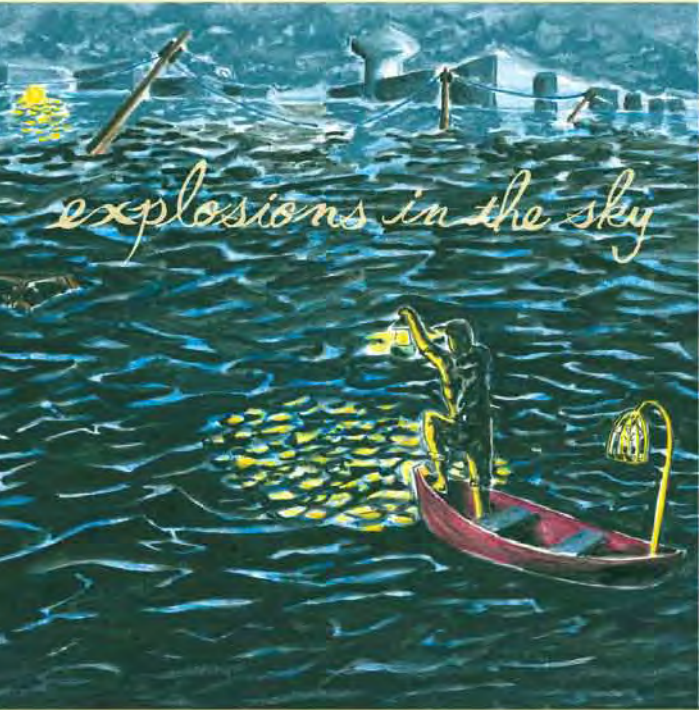
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Titan
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[The album]..rests comfortably between fuzzy stoner rock and ambitious instrumental, creating a heady and hallucinogenic vibe." - Digitalmetal.com

Entrance
PRAYER OF DEATH
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Fuck, forget it then. All band members everywhere, stop what you're doing right now and get back to work. If you're just going to waste your time with this bullshit, we can use all you unskilled drones back in the minimum-wage labor pool washing cars and making hamburgers. Honeymoon's over, you goddamn walking haircuts. SAMMY DUMPCAKES



SKINNY PUPPY
Mythmaker
Synthetic Symphony

OK, at first you are going to listen to this and be like, "What the shit? This is some forgettable early-90s goth-industrial dance-jam crap right here. What happened to that fucked-up cult of zaniacs who cut themselves on stage and made soundscapes almost entirely from crashing sounds and bleeping noises and human shrieks?" And you totally have a point there. But I'm telling you, this is legitimately solid and will creep into your brain to lay tiny bug eggs. Don't expect *VIVIsect VI*, but give it two spins and get back to me. OK? OK. PROFESSOR DOUCHE



LIFETIME
Lifetime
Decaydance/Fueled by Ramen

I went to see Lifetime recently and was wiggled out by the amount of little kids in the crowd and felt a bit like my friend Ryan who once freaked out a pool full of families at a Marriot by floating around on a raft mumbling, "I kind of get this pedophilia thing." Then I remembered that kids actually like music and excitement and fun and don't give a fuck about production value, "soundscapes," and limited vinyl pressings. Fuck old people, music reviewers (me too), and indie rock. Viva the kids and New Jersey, and long live Lifetime! OLIVER MILLER

**BEST COVER OF THE MONTH:
DARVOCETS**

SOFT STUFF



GRUFF RHYS
Candylion
Rough Trade

Hey all right, another round of pleasant-sounding songs from one of the Super Furry Animals guys that don't make a lick of fucking sense. *Gyrru ffurfafen* right back at you, Gruff! God, even the English lyrics sound like they've either been run through the translation mill a couple of times or swiped from a notebook of high school shroom revelations. At least it's nice to know Wales has finally gotten all that Manic Street Preachers social-consciousness nonsense out of its system and settled back into its role as purveyor of whimsical consonant clusters. Northern Ireland could really take a lesson. OLIVER CROMSOFF



**PETER, BJORN,
AND JOHN**
Writer's Block
Almost Gold Recordings

Here's a list of things that will (usually) make me hate your band without ever listening to it: Being Swedish, being universally praised by the internets, being on *Grey's Anatomy*. Here's a list of things that will (always) make me like your band: Being a really good band. BOBBY HURLEY



POP LEVI
The Return to Form
Black Magick Party
Counter

I assumed this was that goateed Ladytron guy, but apparently Liverpool has some sort of hatchery for *Prince Valiant* villains that's been spitting out these dudes for the past couple years. Feel free to toss in some poorly informed support of "operative magick" and a healthy dose of

writing-dumb-kids'-lyrics-makes-me-Syd-Barrett if the goat alone hasn't got you as down as I'm feeling right now. KELSON THATCH



LONEY, DEAR
Loney, Noir
Sub Pop

Who asked for this? Some guy doing Joanna Newsom vocals over the pidliest most beddy-bye music ever plucked? Seriously, I'm probably the biggest pussy I know and even I feel like breaking out the napping puppies stationery to send these guys a "suck it up" note. LOUISE THELMAN



BEIRUT
Lon Gisland
Ba Da Bing

Ugh, same goes double for voguing on Jeff Buckley or whatever this guy's deal is. Can we please put all the glee-club auditioneers on a bus back to my grammy's idea of "good singing" and just go back to some dude yelling or something? I'm seriously dozing here. LOUISE THELMAN



NOISETTES
What's the Time Mr. Wolf?
Mercury

Ever play "deal breaker," where you figure out the one possible thing that could be wrong with a person—the same name as a parent, an STD, a Hello Kitty back piece—that could possibly stop you from having sex with that person? A penis is the only possible thing with the girl from this band, and I could probs even get past that. I'd love to fuck a black girl. These songs are good. BILLY OWENS



fall out boy
infinity on high

IN STORES NOW!
FEATURING "THIS AIN'T A SCENE, IT'S AN ARMSRACE"

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ISLAND    FUELED BY RAMEN

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no,
not me,
never

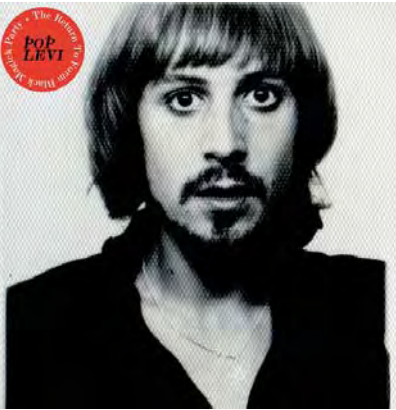
THE PHOTO ATLAS


Debut Album In Stores Now!



www.thephotoatlas.com
www.stolentransmission.com
www.morningafterrecords.com

 Morning after





LOOKER
Born Too Late
Self-released

👉 Attention all university feminists who believe that girl vocals equal girl power and, as such, are in mourning over Sleater-Kinney’s demise: Here you go. Now let’s all please relax and chill out with the Righteous Babe back catalog. Things aren’t that bleak.
CHRIS MULLIN




MARNIE STERN
In Advance of the Broken Arm
Kill Rock Stars

👉 Where do kids learn that unbelievably grating taunting voice, where it’s all sing-songy and up and down (i.e., “Bobby has a giiiiirrrlfriend”)? How do all kids know that voice? Why would an adult ever do this, and record it, and ask other grown-ups to pay money for it? This just made me hit my niece.
CRAIG EHLO



THE STERNS
Sinners Stick Together
Omnirox

👉 So do offensively lame pussies, apparently, and sometimes they even put out shitty records with Photoshop 1.0 cover art, seventh-grade lyrical prowess, and songs that make the French Kicks look like Life of Agony.
BJ ARMSTRONG



KISS KISS
Reality vs. the Optimist
Eyeball

👉 This band has all the restraint and subtlety of one of those closet cases in high school who spent all year storing up his high-drama tendencies for the end-of-school-

**WORST COVER OF THE MONTH:
POP LEVI**


year drama-club play, and then proceeded to turn the entire production of *Hello, Dolly* into a knee-slapper that caused everyone in attendance to reevaluate the unintentional comedy scale as they knew it.
DANNY MANNING



THE AFFAIR
Yes Yes to You
Absolutely Kosher

👉 Friggin finally! Man we’ve been waiting for this album to come out forever. So now that it’s out everyone’s gonna be like, “Hey, have you heard this rad new band called the Affair?” And we can do the little “Pssh, I was into them like three years ago already” face and feel supercool. Everybody wins!
MEG SNEED

WEIRD STUFF



HELLA
There’s No 666 in Outer Space
Ipecac

👉 Here to fly in the face of everything I know about supply and demand, Hella are back with their 541st record in the last 13 days. Could you put out a few more records? Could anyone care less? Do these guys have rich moms who buy a few thousand copies of everything they fart out? What’s happening here?
MITCH RICHMOND



DEATH IN JUNE
The World That Summer
Nerus

👉 I don’t know if everyone thinks I’m kidding when I rant about how good Death in June is, but dudes I am really, really serious. This is arguably their best record, and it is now in its like sixth or somethingth reissue. And it comes in a FULL-ON MARBLE SLEEVE! Like a fucking mausoleum

(awesome, awesome, awesome). This one features Current 93’s David Tibet all over it, backing up Douglas Pearce’s genius mono-baritone. “Come Before Christ and Murder Love” is Death in June’s best ballad, “Break the Black Ice” is one of their coolest songs ever, “Death of a Man” is a fifteen-minute sound collage, and... I don’t know. Maybe I’m nuts. Maybe I’m old. But I’ll just keep holding my breath, alone, in a dark corner, until the goth and industrial resurgences come along to rescue me. Sigh.
ANGEL NELFI



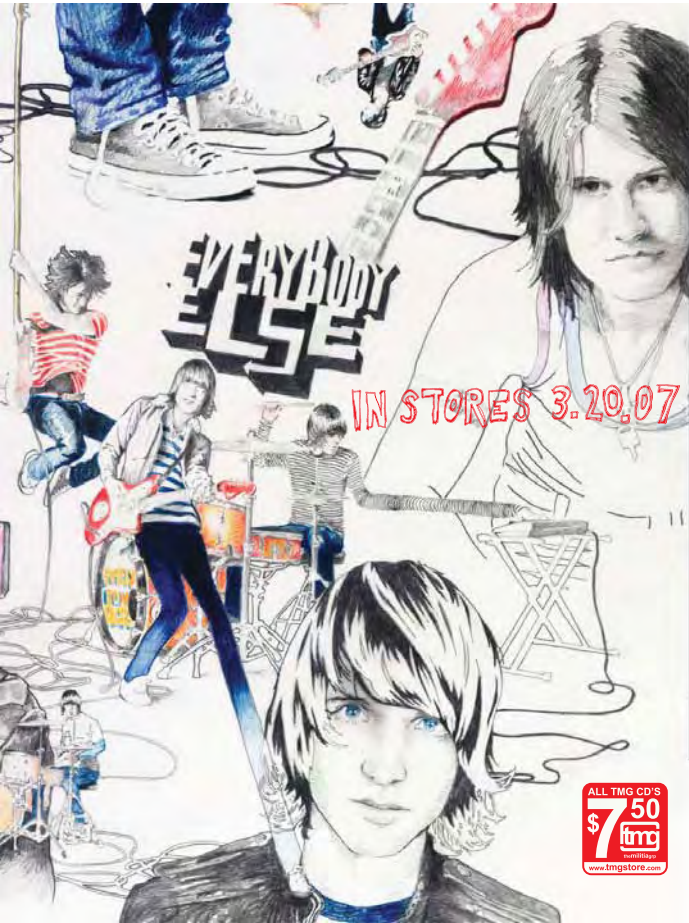
BARR
Summary
5RC

👉 Damn, just when we thought Brendan Fowler couldn’t add any more elements of awesomeness to his work, he goes ahead and makes the art-punk equivalent of *Pretty Hate Machine*. Color us mega-impressed with the emotional and audio depth and bravery dude shows here. We hope that when we’re all old and gray, BARR will be America’s poet laureate.
JERRY MCPHEERSON

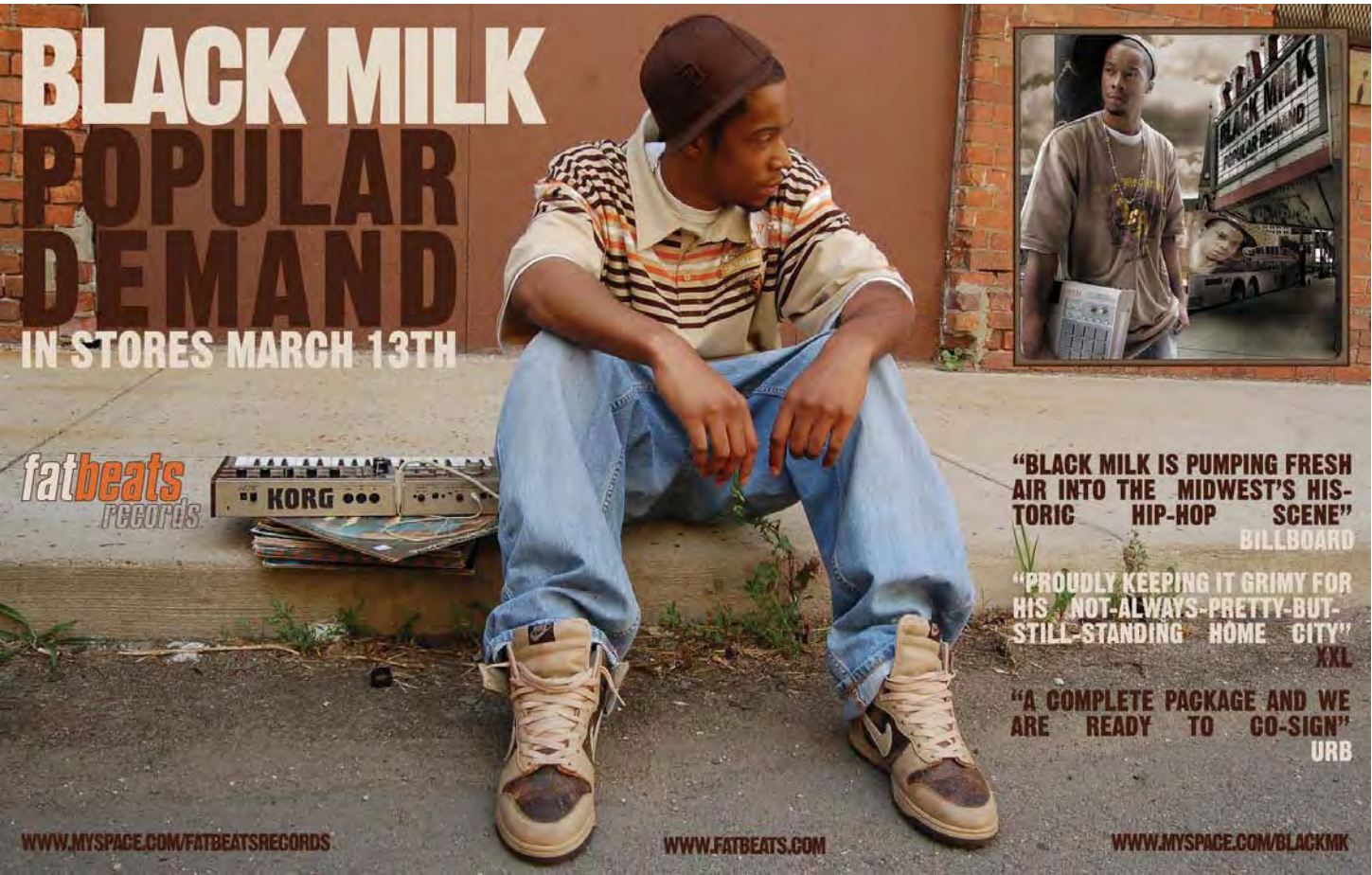


V/A
Desperate Man’s Blues
Dust to Digital

👉 Why does this comp get the finger? It has Son House, Charley Patton, The Carter Family, Blind Willie McTell... All those fuckers and more like them. Well, the reason is that we’re kind of tired of everyone just getting the comp of the year that has American roots music on it. You know what? Buy a whole fucking record by any of these people. Just those ones mentioned above? Seriously, everything they ever did is good. It is basically impossible to go wrong. So this record gets the finger, then, for making it easy for all of you. Other than that, it’s really great and we wish we could have given it a positive review. It’s your fault, really.
NICK NICKLES



Everything Starts Where It Ends
In Stores March Sixth, Two-Thousand and Seven



MALCOLM MCLAREN
INVENTED EVERYTHING

Continued from pg. 68

So was this around the time you started to fall out with Vivienne Westwood?

She wanted to be recognized as a designer and I wanted the exact opposite. Plus I'd learned to fuck some other girls when I was on my hiatus in Paris. Anyway, I knew that she was going to continue to push to create these 18th-century ball gowns and I just didn't get it. I couldn't see a rock and roll bone in its body.

I decided that I didn't want to be a commercial success in fashion. I thought it would cost us a fortune and then we'd no longer be outside the culture, we'd be in it. I knew we'd end up pissing each other off really badly, which eventually we did. So I left and she said, "Well it doesn't have to fuckin' be like that."

I said, "I thought that's what you wanted to do. You can sign up with some Italian

company and become completely engrossed in fashion and this whole heritage that you've had with me can stand you in good stead. And you'll be able to live off that legacy and it'll give you all the credibility you need."

And that's what she did. I went off to make an album of my own, called *Duck Rock*. The main single was "Buffalo Gals" and that's what I based my last ever collection on.

How did that pan out?

I thought, "What does a buffalo gal look like?" And I came up with the idea that it would be like a big, fat girl that wanders around like a buffalo all over the planet. It was like a bag lady, basically.

The look included big sheepskin coats, giant hairy skirts, and a hat five sizes too big for you. We would throw a few ethnic patterns on it here and there. It was a scramble. I wanted the shoes to look like the polythene bags that bag ladies wear on their feet. So I did that with chamois leather.

How did the buffalo-gal thing go over with the fashion world?

I'll never forget this moment when, after a show in Paris, this woman from Italian *Vogue* came backstage and convinced me that I'd better do something else.

How did she manage that?

She said, "Malcolm, Malcolm, the music is *bellissimo*, BELLISSIMO, but the clothes, they look so poor. Why you make everybody look so poor?"

Nice.

I didn't know what to say, so I said, "Well have you heard of Robin Hood? He's a very big, famous character in English literature. I'm trying to make the rich look poor, so the poor can look rich! That's the idea."

She didn't buy it?

She said, "Malcolm, you'll never get away with this. The music is *bellissimo*, but forget the clothing."

INTERVIEW BY ANDY CAPPER

JUERGEN TELLER DOES
WHATEVER HE WANTS

Continued from pg. 72

And then the right time came and you did it. But how did it move on from being an ad campaign to being art?

I finished the campaign and then I was like, "Hang on a minute. I don't really have to wear these silver underpants from Marc Jacobs just to shoot her." The campaign I did for Marc with Cindy Sherman was similar. We kept on taking photos after the ads were done.

What's the backstory for the Charlotte Rampling photos?

I thought it would be interesting to do self-portraits with Charlotte. I had no idea what it would be like, but I wanted to try it. And when I first talked to Charlotte about it, she said that she would normally never do any kind of advertising for any fashion client, but because it was me she was really pleased. She found it exciting.

It was more than just a fashion campaign though.

Right. It wasn't just a photo of her wearing some of the clothes and a caption underneath that said, "Marc Jacobs, thank you very much." We went on a journey together instead. I wanted to explore the idea of an intimate relationship between an older woman and me, a 40-year-old guy.

Was it sort of like acting?

Yeah. There were ideas set up, and then we

tried them out on Polaroids and then moved on from there. For the book that we did after the campaign, there was a six-month period where I went to Paris on random weekends to shoot more pictures. Then I would go back to London, develop them, and have more ideas for things to do with her. Plus, she was losing weight and I was putting on weight, and I had a beard and then shaved it off.

You both physically changed a lot during it. We had like five or six sessions. They were all shot in the same hotel, too.

So, to recap: You get to do whatever you want, and the people whose campaigns you do are always happy with the results. It's pretty much utopia.

Nobody else does it. There's no fashion designer who would do what Marc does with me. It's a collaboration all the way through. For instance, it was Marc's idea to use Winona Ryder and I was like, "That's a great idea." It was right when she was busted in an L.A. department store shoplifting Marc Jacobs clothing. That was the perfect moment to use her.

Was it hard to convince William Eggleston to be in a series of fashion ads?

Well, it took me a few days to make that phone call. I was too scared! But when I finally did, he said, "I'll do anything for you."

He's an older photographer who inspired you. Are you aware of your influence on younger photographers?

I can see it, yeah. If it's close to the bone, it's really annoying. When it's like a total rip-off...

You kind of get ripped off a lot.

Yeah. And then you think, "Oh god." But the more it happens, the less you care.

What does a person have to do technically to copy you? How should one go about ripping off Juergen Teller?

[laughs] I don't know. It's just the surface of the photo that they're copying anyway. Years ago, I was a bit concerned about it but now I'm kind of over it. I'm so excited about living in my own world that I don't think about getting ripped off.

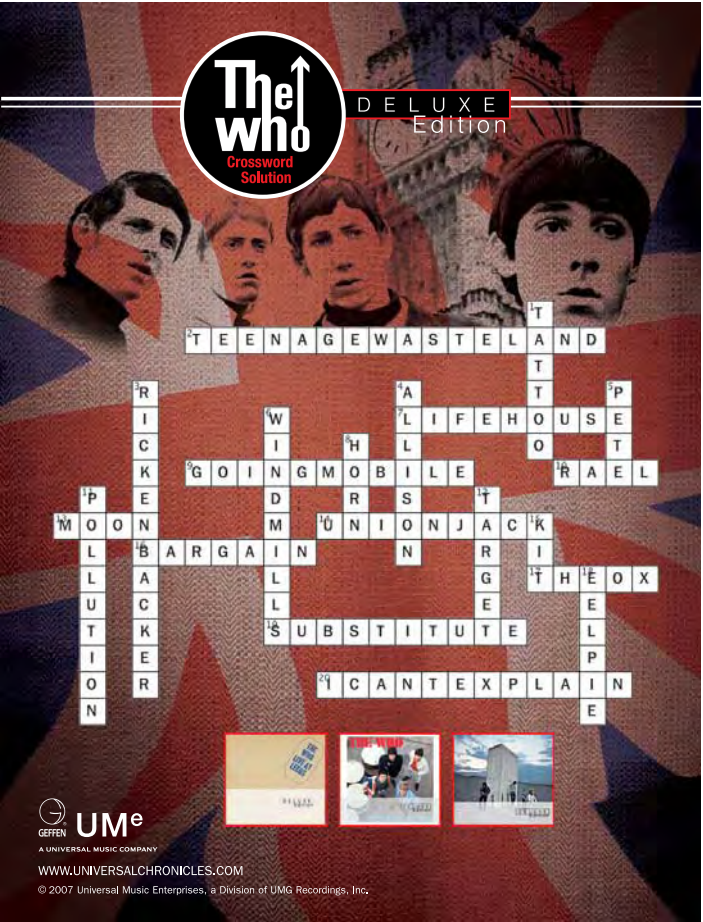
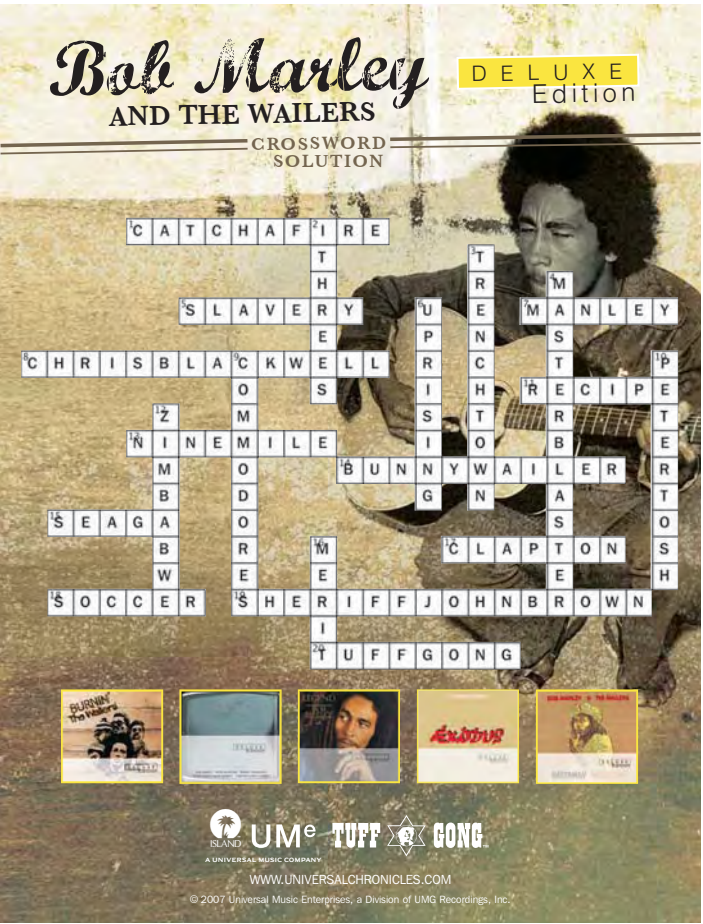
Right. I mean for your latest book, *Nürnberg*, you went back to Germany, where you're from, and photographed all around a pretty notorious Nazi site. It's so personal but still tells a universal story.

See? Nobody can rip that off. It's my past, my present, and my future. It's very specific to me. Someone can easily rip off a girl lying on the floor naked with a bright flash. Lots of people can do that with no problem.

Are you working on any new books now?

I'm going to do one that's a collection of all the Marc Jacobs ads I've shot. It's been a long time. There are a lot of things people forgot about... Jarvis Cocker, Thurston Moore, Meg White, Lisa Marie. It will be great to see them all together.

INTERVIEW BY JESSE PEARSON



FASHION FUNNIES by Johnny Ryan



"RECOGNIZE MY BELT? YOU SHOULD! I MADE IT OUT OF YOUR BALLS!"



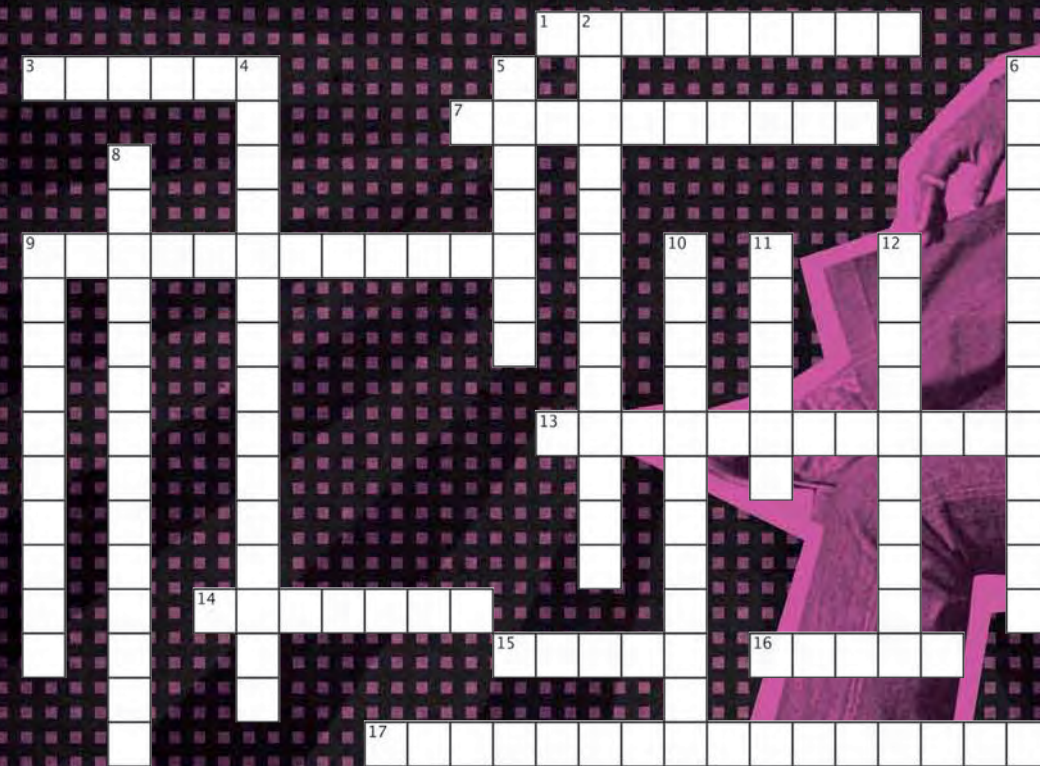
"THIS IS WHERE I GET ALL MY FASHION IDEAS!"



"DOES THIS SHIRT MAKE MY ASS LOOK FAT?"

JAMES BROWN

CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. "Speak up, brothers & sisters!"
3. Papa's got a brand _____
7. Blind man can't see it
9. According to JB, what kind of world is it?
13. James Brown and the _____ (backup singers and dancers)
14. Let a man come in and do the _____
15. James Brown's first #1 hit
16. "...I want you to blow"
17. This is James Brown

DOWN

2. Classic live albums recorded at this NY venue
4. This is James Brown
5. James Brown's adopted home town
6. "I feel nice, like _____"
8. James Brown's Gerald Ford shout-out
9. This is James Brown
10. "I break out _____"
11. Finale and cape routine, times three
12. "Can I count it off?"



2 CD



2 CD



4 CD



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